Vol. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 9.

*"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power and disinterested love."*— CHANNING.

Knight W H
108 York St
Jan91

# THE UNITARIAN

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# THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Journal of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 9.

## *THE OWNERSHIP OF LIFE.*

A SERMON BY REV. H. PRICE COLLIER, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—LUKE ii. 49.

The years go by in a boy's life with little thought on his part, usually, that there is any demand to be made upon him for serious business. Youth gallops through those sunny, irresponsible years of play and study, when he is guarded and provided for; and only occasionally he hears an indefinite whisper of duty, saying, "Lo, thou must!" And then, all at once, to some men early, to some men late, there comes this phrase of my text: "I must be about my Father's business." Life steadies down and settles itself, and the engine goes to work to do some serious task. This dreamy boy, Jesus, working, probably, in his father's shop, goes to Jerusalem. He sees and hears much that is new and unknown to him. The opportunities of life swing open their doors to him, and he looks in at one and another. While he was talking with these doctors of the law, it came over him that there was a place for him, a duty for him: he discovers in himself a new power; he feels himself qualified to take a certain place in the world. And the more he talks and questions and listens to these men of the world, the more clearly his task defines itself. His mother and father come back in search of him, and bid him, as they used to do, to go with them. Whereupon he turns to them, and says: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He is so full of his new experience and his new plans that he can hardly realize that his determination is not known already to them. He has come into possession of his own life now. He is no longer to go hither and thither at any one's bidding. He is his own king, and he must be about his own business. I can fancy that it was hard for that mother to be obliged to realize that what had been her boy was now his own man. It is one of the greatest pleasures in life to guard and protect another life, and to feel that it is a rudderless life without our hand upon it; and therefore it is a shock to one's affection when the life awakens to its own powers and demands to do its own steering. "I love you just as much," the man says, "but now I have arrived at a certain birthday of experience: I am of age, and must be about my own business." It is a fine thing to see youth coming gradually, but surely, to this conclusion. The young man sloughs off his follies, loses his interest in the former pastimes, declines any longer to be led by them or to be engrossed by them, will have no more coddling and petting, and sets out alone. I say it is a fine thing to do; and yet it is strange how little the world appreciates it, and how often it attempts to hinder the man from starting out on his own business. The world seems loath to let a man have his own life to himself, and only the strongest can turn and say: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

And first of all, in preaching to you from these words, let me warn you against this tendency of the world to take and to try to keep possession of you. There are all sorts of ways of doing this. Many young men try to get out of the net of the past, out of the meshes of old companionships, out of the tightly drawn cords of former habits, and they are held fast. The world comes to seek them, and begs them to go back, and seems almost, as did Mary and Joseph in the case of Jesus, to have a claim upon them. But a man should never forget that no life is in the least valuable that has not

this sacred element of ownership. You, not your father and mother; you, not your old friends and companions; you, not your former habits; you, not even those who love you most and think they are wisest in caring for you,—you, not any of these, must go before your God with the life he gave you, and answer for what you did with it.

The world comes and whispers, "You used to do so and so: why not do it now?" and there is but one manly answer: "I must be about my Father's business now." Your companions smile, sneer even at your new plans and the new direction, and they tell you, you are eccentric or foolish or what not; and there is only one answer,—"I must be about my Father's business."

Even love, if it be foolish enough, will sometimes attempt to prevail with a man, and coo to him that it matters not about this or about that, and this may go undone and that be left; and then, hardest of all is it to say, "I must be about my Father's business."

I find in this city life hundreds of currents setting strongly against the man who is trying to possess his own life. Fashion and precedent and the experience of other men and the general easy-going carelessness which prevail where hundreds and thousands of men and women are huddled together, and the sense of responsibility is lost in the crowd,—these all tempt and even clutch and pull a man into allowing his life to be frittered away. Are you not continually being told, not by those who wish you ill, but even by those who wish you well: "No need of doing that. Other men do not do it. Or you must do this or that because others do the same"?

When a man chooses his profession or his business, are there not always those ready to offer objections, ready to tell him how hard it is, or how little he seems fitted for it, or how much better it were for him to do this, that, or the other, instead of what he purposes doing? I do not refer here to the necessary clashing of purposes and plans, the necessary friction among so many doing so many things that I recognize as fair and as being inevitable; but I am speaking of the inclination the world has to swallow a man, to distract him from his own affairs, and to bid him to follow along in its ways and customs.

It is so in the higher realms of life, too. Carlyle appears on the literary horizon, and the world of critics demands that he write as they do. Ruskin takes up his life into his own keeping, and couches his lance against the shams and superficialties of art, and the crowd sneers and laughs, and tries to beat him back. Rossetti paints or Whistler draws or Browning sings, and the world bemoans their eccentricities and would put them in the familiar strait-jacket. It is very true—at least, I believe it is so—that all three of those men have allowed eccentricity to fall into morbid unconventionality that is neither helpful nor good, if it be even honest. But they were doing their Father's business as it was given them to do, and in their work there was and is much to be applauded.

No man can know another's capacities or weaknesses. I believe many a man has been so cowed and dejected by ignorant criticism, which knew nothing of his real motives, that he has failed of doing even what he was well fitted to do. I believe this is often due to the fact that in so much rubbing against people we lose the sense of the mystery of life. We forget that each man and woman carries about burdens and hopes, joys and sorrows, that are unknown to us, and yet which make for that person the motive power of all actions and all speech. You meet a man some morning, and his demeanor is the same as yesterday, his "good-morning" has no dramatic ring, his eyes show no sign of tears, and yet within the last few hours he has lost a hope he once had, an ambition has died, a dream has burst like a cloud to pour down a rain of sorrow upon him, his soul is in sackcloth, and a choking despair is making it hard for him to greet you. You know nothing of all this. You go to him with the business of the day, with its gossip or its problem, you go to him perhaps to complain or to criticise, and he seems so strange and indifferent, and, if you only knew the funeral in his heart, you would slink away abashed and ashamed; but, as you know not this, you are only hurt when he intimates that he must be about his Father's business, that he must have his life to himself.

You go to another man with your happy wishes and congratulations. You take for granted that you know just how he must

feel, but he feels quite differently. He is not proud of what you think ought to make him proud; he is not happy over what you think ought to make him happy; he cares not a straw for the success which makes your face flush with pleasure for him,—and you wonder, and are puzzled, and often enough you pass judgment upon him, when, if he could take you by the hand and lead you into the house of his life, and show you all that has been and is there, you would come out white and still, and whisper to your neighbors that he must be allowed to be about his Father's business, and that it is best as it is.

I never come to know another man or woman well, thoroughly well,—and the overwhelming payment and the all-compensating gift of my profession is that one is allowed to know so many people thoroughly well,—I never come to know other persons well, but what I am shocked by the superficial judgments passed upon them and by the idle talk about them. It reminds me always of the story of the beautiful Eastern lady who was killed at Constantinople by the falling of the great amphitheatre during the royal games. She was the envied of all who knew her. Beautiful, rich, seemingly happy, women wished themselves like her, men thought of her as without a pang or pain, all Constantinople was wont to refer to her good luck and her happiness as almost a proverb; and, when they picked her up crushed and lifeless that day, they found beneath the silk and softness a tightly drawn girdle, studded with tiny spikes, that left their marks upon her with every movement. She had her sin or her sorrow or her terrible tragedy,—who knows what? —and, while that crowd were smiling at her beauty and envying her happiness, she was scourged by her sorrow.

"I cannot tell you why," the man or woman is saying, "but I must be about my Father's business. You think me proud: I am not proud, but sorrowful. You think me rich: I am not rich, but poor. You think I have much: it seems so paltry, this that you call much, beside what I am longing for. You think me cold or indifferent: I am not that, but only shy and fearful, I have been hurt so often. You think I ought to do this or that: I cannot, but I may not give you the reasons." This is what men and women are saying all round you every day. They have their Father's business of which you know not, and they must attend to that.

It even becomes pitiable when a man demands that he be permitted his own beliefs, his own faith, his own sorrows, and others step in jauntily to persuade him that something else is better. A man's belief even is not often a clear, cold, passionless thing; but it is shot through and through with memory, with hopes, with disappointments that are all his own. He has his own calendar of sacred days, his own saints' days, his own Good Friday, and his own Easter. The Christ was born for him one day, for you another. His Christ rose into reality for him one day, for you another. The day that is all sunshine for you is all dark for him, and the day that seems like any other to you gleams and glitters and sparkles with happiness for him. No man of serious life goes from belief to belief, from creed to creed, from prayer to prayer, from church to church, without tremendous wrenching and tearing. He may not be able to answer your logic, but neither can you answer for his experiences. The prayer that sounds so dull in your ears speaks with a score of voices to his experiences. The barren church that has no echo for your ears resounds with angels' voices and re-echoes with pathetic memories to him. The creed that is so unpalatable to you may have numberless suggestions for him. The empty space may be peopled for him. How will you, then, undertake to provide belief, or prayer, or ritual, or house of worship for him? I long to have other men love my belief, my simple creed, my prayers, my church; but I am loath with careless hand to touch these things, knowing so well that one is apt to get one's fingers in another's heart-strings, and then do harm one cannot repair. Yes, even here in matters of belief, in questions of theology, we wonder sometimes that men are not persuaded by the invincible logic of truth; and I find the reason there. Life is not logic: a man is not loving a certain form of words alone, he is not caring much for the particular regulations of his church, —caring very little nowadays, indeed,—but all his experiences, his most pathetic reminiscences, his moments of rare exaltation, are entwined with these, and he cannot cut the

strings, and break loose and snap all the threads, and leave his life without a past. You argue and press truths upon him, and he answers not; for higher truths of love and loyalty and sadness and gladness, which embrace and include all you say, hold him still. It is his own and his Father's business, and his only defence for himself is one about which he must keep silence. And I, for one, am slow to insist upon breaking in upon the silences of others' lives. I would much rather believe about other men that God has his way with them as with me, and that beyond a certain point I have no right to go. When a man knows what he is doing and is glad to take the consequences, then that is a personal business between him and his Father; and it is neither your place nor mine to meddle therewith. I hope I am not misunderstood, I hope I am not leading you to believe that you have no responsibility for your brother's life, and that every man is to be allowed without warning to go wrong, horribly wrong. But I hope you know the difference between gossip and wise counsel; between helping the weak and trying to coerce the strong; between the desire to have your hand in the important affair and lending a hand to the fallen; between making it your business to give comfort and succor and interfering in the business between a man and his God. It was a cold and cruel thing of Jesus to say to his mother: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" if it were not that in that reply we see the light of a new purpose, and the determination of a man to be a man. I am not preaching for the right of a man to be let alone; but I am preaching for the sacredness of every man's serious purpose and business in life, and at the same time insisting that a man is indeed rudderless and helpless, and to be pitied, if he have not in his life an understanding between himself and his God. If you have any business that is worth doing, then you ought to demand the right to do it without interference; if you have a sorrow that is serious, then you should be allowed the privacy of it; if you love anything or anybody with your whole life, then give yourself to it, come what will; if you have determined what is right for you, then cherish that right through storm and stress; if your life is possessed by a great purpose,—and surely life is a very paltry and unhappy affair when it is not so possessed,—then turn and say: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Allow no trifling, no coquetting, no interference with the God element in you, and God himself will guard and help you.

## *THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*

Presbyterianism as a concrete organization is recent in the world. If its fountain was in Judea, in the first century, for more than a thousand years it was an underground stream. Its friends say that it appeared above ground for a short time before the great Reformation, among the Waldenses, but it was only a slight stream,—only enough to flash in the sunlight for an instant, or to mirror a single star, and then it disappeared again. It was only a little over three hundred years ago that it became one of the unmistakable facts of the world.

To introduce another form of speech concerning it, it was one of the islands suddenly pushed up from the tumultuous sea of the sixteenth century by the gigantic forces which were raging beneath it. A certain volcanic creation, it became in a sense the first solid ground upon which all those who were afloat and struggling in the weltering sea of ecclesiastical anarchy could find a resting-place. Not an inviting spot, as viewed from this distance,—gaunt and naked rocks for the most part; rude, inhospitable cliffs, against which the waves were dashing; inland, awful fastness and peaks reaching skyward; not so much as a palm-tree for protection from sun or storm; no grass, nor flower, nor bird-song to greet the comer, and to his gratitude for his escape from death add gladness over the refuge he had found. Yet all agreed that it was better than drifting about on the raging sea, and better, so all who landed upon it thought, than any of the other islands that were beginning to appear above the surface.

Appearing in troublous times, it has always had something of the storm in its character. It has always borne traces of the wild, elemental forces which produced it. Its rude outlines have felt the touches of time, and have been softened by them.

Many of its rocks have been pulverized into fruitful soil. Forest trees have fringed its mountains, hiding all their grim deformities. Orchards and fields and grassy nooks abound where once was a cold and barren waste. Nevertheless, beneath all this graceful drapery is the same stern, unbending form, as defiant as at the beginning. The velvet glove conceals, but does not change, the mailed hand.

To speak in more sensible forms of speech, Presbyterianism first began to attract attention in Geneva. It was at once a system of doctrine and a form of church government. In each case, it was a protest against the existing order of things. It is associated in its origin there with the name of John Calvin, who has been more praised and more damned than any other of the reformers. He has been called "incomparably the wisest man that ever" the Protestant movement produced: and again, by the Anglicans in the eighteenth century, he has been regarded as a perfect incarnation of spite and mischief; about whom we shall say nothing more here,—although much might be said,—except that, after his ups and downs in the course of history, he stands now before the world in many ways a great man, but by no means perfect: with blots on his character which it were foolish to deny, and yet as worthy of the halo round his head as any of his contemporaries. If not the wisest and noblest, he is not the meanest of mankind.

In Scotland, a few years later, Presbyterianism became established under the leadership of the stern John Knox. He also was called during his lifetime "a man of God; the comfort of the church, the mirror of godliness; an example to all of purity of life and soundness of doctrine." In the eighteenth century he had suffered a relapse. He was called "a monster who delighted to practise on the tender feelings of Mary Stuart the cruelty which inquisitors inflicted on men's bodies." Then another change came in the public estimate of him. Carlyle ranks him among the great heroes of the world; and Froude says of him that he not only reformed the church in Scotland, but he made Scotland a nation.

Wherever the truth may be found by some more impartial historians, concerning these men, it is evident that they had in them the qualities of conquest; and through them more than through any others Presbyterianism assumed a definite and irrefragable character. From Geneva as a centre, it spread in every direction. Not usually by peaceful methods, but it stormed along for a century or more; battling with Catholicism, with Independency, with Episcopacy; often defeated, but never conquered; now the object of persecution, again itself the persecutor. It got itself finally established in Switzerland, France, Holland, Scotland, England, Ireland. It was brought by the Dutch to New York in 1619, by the Scotch to Virginia in 1680, by the French to Carolina in 1685. The first Presbytery in America was formed in 1705; the first Synod, formed of four Presbyteries, in 1717; and the first General Assembly, in 1789, or one hundred and two years ago.

Through these hundred years of its American career, true to its character, there has been much of storm and stress. Separations and reunions, and separations without reunions, have occurred. The Cumberland schism came in 1810, and still continues. In 1873 came the separation into the old and new schools, lasting a generation. During the war, the separation arose between the church North and South, which still continues, presenting the inexplicable but not uncommon phenomenon in the world, of theological passions existing much longer than political passions, and remaining persistently long after the causes which produced them have disappeared. Thus, through all the changes in the Old World and the New, this form of religion for three hundred years has held a place, doing, as it thinks, God's will on the earth, and never unable to give what it deems a sufficient reason for its existence. Now there are in the United States, of all forms of Presbyterians, running from the deepest blue by imperceptible gradations out into purple and violet, and even into tints so neutral as to be almost indistinguishable, nearly a million and a half of communicants, many of whom are noble men and women and enrich our country by their presence. Every year they give over ten millions of dollars for church work. They are a great fact in the world. With them rests an immense power. Upon them rests an immense responsibility.

If we were to tarry for a moment longer over the historic aspect of this church, we would see that it is worthy of much praise, and that it can make a valid claim to the loyalty of its adherents. Its influence in the Anglo-Saxon civilization has been very great. As an historic faith, it is doubtful if there is one which has been grander. Its influence upon character can be known by the great names which are allied with it. It has always striven to make the moral law the measure of all conduct. It has inculcated fearlessness and taught that the conviction must become a deed. Its history is all ablaze with the names of men who were devoid of fear, and who with a certain iron-like strength have battled for what seemed to them to be the cause of God on earth.

It has stood unmistakably for freedom and popular government, both in church and state. The Waldenses were the free men of their day. In Switzerland the Republic and the Presbytery were born in the same period. The Hollanders, under the guidance of William the Silent, performed deeds of heroism in behalf of freedom against tyranny, which makes them sublime. The French Huguenots, the Scotch Covenanters, and the English Puritans, who, if they had not the Presbyterian form of government, had the Presbyterian form of doctrine, have all been undaunted champions of liberty among men. Bancroft says that the modern impulse to republican liberty in this country came from Geneva with its Presbyterian theology. There are those who think that the Declaration of Independence was partially copied from the Mecklenburg Declaration, which was the first public voice in favor of independence. It was made more than a year before the Philadelphia Declaration, and, of the twenty-seven delegates who signed it, nine were ruling elders of the Presbyterian church, and one was a Presbyterian minister. The representative form of government, running from the county to the state, and from the state to the general government, with a certain self-governing power in each, but forming a nation, is too similar to the session and the Presbytery and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church to be mere accident. If there is to be ecclesiastical government at all, it would seem that the Presbyterian form, combining as it does the freedom of the individual and centralized authority, would be the most agreeable to Americans.

There can be no doubt of the historic attitude of this church toward education. The Calvinists of France sustained three great schools. The Huguenots were the best educated people in the kingdom. The peasantry of Scotland was raised far above that of any other European country by the unusual education which the parish schools afforded. The school system of New England, founded by Calvinistic influences, opened a new era in the world.

If it is said that their doctrine is fatal to all effort, the logic of events is sufficient answer to the charge. If it is said that their doctrine of fatalism relieves of all personal responsibility and tends to moral indifference, the biography of their heroes is a complete refutation of such argument. If they were sometimes arrogant over the fact of their election, they were always careful to make the divine decree and the human act correspond. Their deeds were of such character as to approve the wisdom of God in choosing them. If they were elected, it was not that they might become careless in thought and lax in deed. This election placed them under obligation. God expected great things of them, and they were determined not to disappoint him. And so always they are found in their place meeting the case squarely; asking no odds, doing for their cause, which they thought was God's cause, and, if need be, dying for it. In the convention, on a hundred battle-fields, in the wilderness, in prison, in the flames, they may be seen undismayed, testifying their allegiance to their doctrines; upheld by a steady trust in the all-powerful sovereignty of God; winning the admiration even of their enemies, when they could not win their mercy; earning praise from historians who despise their doctrines.

It is not strange that with such a history back of them there should be many now who look upon their traditions as a sacred heritage, which they must defend to the very last against all encroachments of the modern spirit, which is hostile to so many things once accounted sacred. It is not strange that the creed, which to us seems so distorted and such a travesty of the nature of man and of God's methods of dealing with the world, should to them seem the

sum of all excellence,—to be a transcript of the very innermost purpose of God. What to us is only at best a moon—a worn-out world, upon which no life can be found, what light it has being borrowed, a reflection of more refulgent worlds—is to many a sincere heart a central star, capable of nourishing life and flinging its beams far into outlying space of darkness. What we may see as total blackness, to them only appears as spots upon the sun.

Thus far, as must needs be if we are faithful to history and event, our words have been largely loaded with praise. But, if we are faithful to the present as well as the past, if we believe that God is in the new fact as well as in the old, we must move forward in a more qualified way. On his island the old mystic heard a voice saying of the church: "I know thy works and faith and patience. Notwithstanding, I have a few things against thee."

A similar voice may be heard in this age. "To the Presbyterian church in America write: I know thy past, thy bravery, thy freedom, thy integrity, thy zeal. Notwithstanding, I have some things against thee. Thou hast refused to flow along in the channels which Providence has cut through this century. Thou art backward-looking, and art hindering the coming of the divine kingdom of the future. Thou art not a friend of science; thou despisest reason. Man is much nobler than thou thinkest. God is not the cruel tyrant that thou hast pictured him. The future is not a place of hopeless misery for all except a few, as thy doctrines teach. Behold, I give thee space to repent. If thou repentest, I will give thee new power over the nations of the earth. Thou shalt go on from strength to strength, and the star of the morning shall be thy guide. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the church."

This voice came to the church in other places, and was partially heeded. It came to the churches of France and Holland and Switzerland, and they left behind them all those doctrines which degrade man and dishonor God. It came to the Presbyterians in Scotland, and caused a change of front. The volume of "Scotch Sermons" is much nearer Channing than it is Calvin. The established church changed its terms of subscription to the creed. The Free church has heard the voice, and obeyed. The United Presbyterians openly declare that they do not believe certain doctrines of the creed. In England a new confession has been made. Even the Presbyterians of far-away Japan have revised the doctrines. Now, at last, the Spirit is speaking to the Presbyterian church in America.

Prophecy is a form of speech which mortals ought to use sparingly. It is very easy to make mistakes, when so engaged. But the indications all seem to point in the direction of a theological crisis. We seem to be on the verge of a readjustment. It, of course, cannot be brought about without much more debate. Zeal can easily become anger; and anger can pass into hatred. Already personalities and sarcastic replies are appearing. Friends will become enemies. Both sides in the great struggle are deeply in earnest. A divided church is one of the possibilities in the issue involved. It is not a war between the world and the church; it is not a war between atheism and faith. All the parties are in the church and all are believers in God. It is a strange condition of affairs, when the Confession of Faith has to be defended against its friends. The arguments which are used against it are not being urged by Mr. Ingersoll nor by the disciples of the late Mr. Bradlaugh, but by Doctors of Divinity, who have solemnly affirmed that they believe it and will uphold it. Dr. Briggs solemnly subscribes to it, and then denies three of its cardinal principles. It teaches that the Bible is the sole revealer of God: he maintains that God also has been found by reason. It teaches that the Bible is infallible: he teaches that it has many errors in it. It teaches that "the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory": he teaches that sanctification goes on after death. The next few months will decide whether the creed will bend to meet these views of the learned professor, or he will be made to bend to meet them, or else be cast wholly outside of the church. In the past the method has been to, as far as possible, break the spirit of the heretic and then, with the stamp of the church's disapproval upon him, cast him forth into the world, making him an exiled Ishmaelite for the rest of his days. It may be we are on the verge of the time when

this order will be reversed,—the doctrine will be broken and cast out and the heretic retained. As re-enforcing this rational hope, hear these words from an old Presbyterian clergyman:—

"It is evident that a change has taken place in the general tone and feeling of the church, which demands some readjustment of the doctrinal statements that were made by the Calvinists of the seventeenth century, in the midst of the uncharitable and bitter controversies of that less enlightened period. The creeds, or portions of the creeds, made from unscholarly interpretations and doubtful expositions, should be left to the history of the past. And if, as some fear, one revision should be followed by another, let it be so, if the advancing church shall demand it. Let the creed faithfully express the doctrines actually held by the living church, and not the abandoned dogmas of buried ages."

These are words not of an atheist, but of a Presbyterian. They are not the words of destruction, but of upbuilding and strengthening the temple of God and man. This gray-haired old saint is uttering words which not only adorn the closing days of his long and noble life, but which become the expression of a million hearts who look still to the church as one of the great agents whose mighty task is to lift the earth toward the sky. They are the confession that each age has its work to do. If it have more light, it has an increase of obligation.

As the men of science and art and government all hasten to gather up what the age can bring them, so should the men of religion be as wise.

Coming to the seashore after a storm has swept the waves far up the beach, many new and beautiful shells can be found sprinkling the beach. The thoughtful traveller walking there will be impressed by the majesty and the riches which the sea contains. For half a century a storm has been sweeping over the sea which lies all around us. Never have the waves of thought risen so high within the memory of man. Walking there now, we are all dull if we are not impressed by the majesty of the ocean and the forces which it obeys; ignorant, if we do not know what riches have been cast at our feet; foolish, if we do not gather these treasures of science and learning and art, fairer and more valuable than any pearls which the moaning sea ever cast upon its yellow sands, and with them adorn anew the temple of religion.

When new Germany began to manifest itself, many things combined to arrest its progress. But there came some men to the front whom opposition only made strong. When the great Chancellor was told that directly in the path which he had chosen were all the sacred traditions of European diplomacy, which could not be overcome and which could not be overpassed, it is told that his only reply was a quiet laugh. He knew his strength and that of those who were with him. Nay, he knew the resistless strength of those elemental spiritual forces which Providence had set loose like a tempest in the nineteenth century, which would finally impel all things in one direction.

These forces are now at work here in the great Presbyterian church. Many sacred traditions are in the way, trying to block the path along which they are sweeping. When reminded of this, our friends in that church, who are dreaming and planning a new era for their church and the world, if they have like confidence in the strength of these mighty forces and see the way they are trending, may indulge in quiet laughter in the face of all obstacles.

In Europe to-day are a few noble souls who, while they may love the great past for what it has been, love more the great present for what it is, and the mighty future for what it shall be, and amid the ruin which is overtaking the old dynasties can see rising slowly the foundations of better governments, in which man shall come forth in greater freedom and greater majesty.

So our friends may see out of the past a new future emerging. If they are constant and true to the high purpose which seems to have found a lodgment in their hearts, do not temporize, do not compromise, but hold on a high and sustained course, they will prevail in the end. Their beloved church will justify its existence. Rich in its history, it will be richer and more glorious in the coming days. Those who labor for it will find that they are in league with Providence. Though they may receive the hatred of men to-day and be called destroyers of religion, to-morrow will hail them as the builders and preservers of the true altars of

worship. If God will, in the great quiet hereafter, when all things assume their true place and proportion, they may cheer themselves with the thought that during these troublous earth-days they did what they could to upbuild the church whose beams are the earth, whose dome is the spangled sky, whose Bible is the laws of the universe, whose liturgy is woven out of the prayers and hymns, out of the love and wonder which, like the mists from the ocean, have risen from the universal heart,—the Church of Man and of God.

REED STUART.

Detroit, Mich.

## *THE EARTH-CHILD'S PRAYER.*

O mother earth, I lean my head
Upon thy warm and sheltering breast;
I feel the pulsing of the heart
That beats forever, changeless, strong,
And thrills response to every fear
And hope and joy of all who bear
Their life derived a branch from thine.
Oh, thou hast many children borne!
Yet hast thou food and joy for all;
About them all thine arms are thrown,
And thou hast love alike for all.

Oh, thou art filled with light and warmth,
Instinct with spirit and with life;
Thine every atom stored with power,
Thou bringest forth unceasingly
This teeming swarm of living things,
This surging life of bud and leaf,
This flowering beauty and delight.
And thou art beautiful, O earth,—
My mother,— as Juno art thou fair!
Thy form is bathed in loveliness,
And all thy garments' folds breathe balm.

And thou art good! I feel thee good
And kind in all thy ordered ways.
Yea, thou art charged with virtue and
With wisdom fixed which may not err.
And thou dost speak to me, thy child,—
Thy voice comes musical to me
In soft wind's sigh, in ocean's surge,
In all thy sounds and silences.
Yea, thou dost sing to me and fold
Me in thy gentle arms to sleep.

To thee I come when vexed with care,
Or tempest-tost by doubt and fear;
Against thy true maternal heart
I find my rest, and ease my soul
Of every load and care and smart.

I am thy child: thy life is mine,
And thine is one with that which sits
Enthroned in glory at the heart
Of things above and things below.
So resting here upon thy breast,
And sheltered thus within thine arms,
I feel the peace at Nature's heart,
I deeper drink from life's full stream.

F. O. EGLESTON.

Hubbardston, Mass.

## *PUBLIC PURITY: ITS PERILS; ITS DEFENCE.*

There are at present in this country conditions and influences that are unfavorable to public purity, and therefore to public safety.

Democracy sets free, in a new degree, the bad as well as the good. This is a source of constant danger.

Then during the past fifty years we have had an enormous infusion of foreign elements into our population, bringing with them the social ideas and personal principles of their former home, and these seldom of so wholesome a moral quality as those we inherit from our English ancestry.

But especially the sudden *congestion* of our population in these closely packed communities, the cities, is having, necessarily, a very profound, if partly a temporary, effect on all social questions.

Just at present we can but note with pain, offence, and anxiety tokens of a demoralization of taste and principle, which, if it were to go on, must be deleterious to the point of destruction. That it chiefly, at present, pervades the lower strata of our population, the less educated classes, we must hope. But there is no such barrier between classes as shall confine it there; and its influence is already exerted, beyond question, upon all, and especially upon our youth. If it were radical, we should have to judge that a real laxity of morals had set in among us. This is not yet the case, we know. But that a degree of tolerance is just now exercised toward public offences against decency is an obvious fact; and it is certain that such tolerance is an insidious subjective influence for evil, demoralizing those who indulge it, as its overt results in several most important departments of life are most pernicious.

The chief points at which we see the effects of this vicious tolerance are obvious. The most serious is the character of our newspapers. There are honorable exceptions in every city, and some in this. But the general standard of newspaper morals is such as to constitute a standing reproach to our communities and a menace to our future. It is not merely that our common papers teem with accounts of crimes, horrors, vicious facts of all sorts: it is that these things are

treated with levity, and in such a manner as to excite an unhealthy, prurient interest in vice and crime. No incident of life is too depraved or too remote from all genuine interest to the public at large to be glaringly reflected in these "abstracts and chronicles of the time." They search every most unwholesome corner of society, wantonly to drag to light, and expose before the community, indiscriminately, all that is vile, unhallowed, and debauching. Some of them are almost unblushing panders to vice. Papers are sold on our streets openly which are corrupt in their whole intention, depraving in their whole influence. But not only these almost confessed ministers of corruption, but many which make a pretence to respectability, whose publishers and editors would bristle with offence if placed in the same category with the others I have referred to, are stuffed with material intellectually most vulgar, and alike debasing to taste and injurious to fine morality.

Especially, and most unfortunately, is that true of that still modern class of papers, the Sunday ones.

Scan the contents of the next you take up; see how vulgar, half impure, they largely are; how full of the lowest concerns of society; how little calculated to minister to good taste, good morals, useful instruction, elevation of purpose, improvement of social life; how it hovers constantly about the border-land of vice, and is filled with an atmosphere of low suggestion. I noted the advertisement of one of the leading ones of this city yesterday. I would not here repeat its topics. I dare say that this paper lies already on some of your tables. I ask you conscientiously to scan its contents, and to confess to yourselves what sort of an influence such a paper is exerting, what principles it ministers to. How the men who make the papers can consent to make them such as they are, is not less a mystery and wonder than that others can keep grog-shops.

I am astonished at the indifference or thoughtlessness of the heads of families who can tolerate in their homes agencies so noxious. They would not knowingly, I presume, invite men of well-known vicious or vulgar character; but they bring in all the influences such men could exert when they lay on the home table any one of a great number of flourishing papers.

It is this tolerance, friends, I would point out, which is the dangerous thing for us. The forces for good, to hold their own against the bad ones, need at least be in earnest, united, and indeed aggressive. In large measure, the respectable elements in our society ignore, or do not care for, these things which make for evil, which are surely, somewhere, leaving their mark on the character of the generation which is to follow us.

And what is true of our newspapers is true very extensively of our general literature.

We have come much under the influence of foreign schools of literature, which are themselves permeated with debasing influences. It seems to be held by some, contrary to the old maxim, that, if you can give a thing a name, you justify it. In literature, what is called "realism" attempts to justify its existence by the mere fidelity and technical skill with which it depicts the incidents of social life. But there are many of those incidents which are not justly to be depicted for the contemplation of society generally.

A similar tolerance, the spirit of which is imbibed largely abroad, among people of distinctly lower moral tone than ours has yet become, is beginning to appear in respect to the products of art. The distinctions which have to be drawn here are delicate, but they are perfectly obvious and recognizable. It is a question almost, if not quite always, of treatment, of spirit, of intention. Of the things which God has made, none is essentially more lovely and pure than the human form. It has been the legitimate subject of art since art began. A man commits a crime against it when he debases its portraiture to be the minister of unworthy sentiments and emotions. But its representations may be made such as elevate and refine or debase and corrupt.

I think they are always the latter when they do not subserve some idealistic purpose, the presentation of some ideal truth.

But a school has arisen in recent years which absolves itself from all idealistic limitations, and revels in what is merely physical and sensual.

Again, the term "realism" is brought for-

ward to justify unbridled license in the choice of subjects and modes of representation. Skill in technical execution is pleaded as sufficient excuse from all discrimination or reserve.

It is vain to say that any such plea has the least validity. Nothing in social life has any right to be which is injurious to morality, for morality is the very vital principle of society.

He who impairs the morality of a generation strikes a blow at the existence of society.

But this kind of art is as bad art as it is bad morals. For art itself declines and perishes when it loses its moral and idealistic purpose.

But I must refer to one more place where, more than elsewhere possibly, evil influences are at work to sap the moral purity of our communities. I mean our public amusements. That some of these have within recent years dangerously advanced in the direction of immorality and impurity must be evident to every one.

But I have in mind now chiefly the quality of many of the theatrical exhibitions at present offered to the public. That they are debasing is freely acknowledged on all hands. It is sufficiently betokened by the character of the flaunting posters by which they are advertised.

These by the tolerance they secure are becoming daily more offensive, as none of us can escape observing. In themselves alone, they are at present a public nuisance, a perpetual source of debasing ideas and sentiments in the minds of our population, who see them displayed, with a degree of license never before permitted, on every wall. Remember, friends, that such things may shock us who are mature, as a novelty of evil. But the young, our children, our youth, the thousands and thousands of half-educated, ill-restrained young men and women, are growing up among them, as the normal concomitants of their amusements, the habitual associations of their daily walks.

The outcome, friends, of the observations I have made is, I think, about this. We are not yet a depraved people,—far from it. But we have the beginnings of a very bad state of things among us. If the sources of evil (of which I have named only some of the most patent) are not dried up soon, there must needs result a very serious depravation of tastes and morals. Influences for good are many, certainly; but I fear that in the classes in which the more flagrant evils chiefly work the influences for good are correspondingly ineffective. The vast laboring, mechanical, and operative classes in a great city like this are seriously disconnected from the influences of the churches, schools, and other agencies of education, refinement, religion.

What then, friends, shall we do? First of all, let me say, let us be sure, individually, that our standard and habits of thought and feeling are true and right. Free from anything that can be called vice, or any tendency to it, personally, we may yet, by that shuffling spirit of tolerance, be consenting to the upgrowth and consolidation of depraving influences all about us. We need, if not more individual sensitiveness to these, at least more frank and serious condemnation and reproof of them. We need a livelier apprehension of the injurious influences permeating our literature, our newspapers, our art, our amusements. We need more careful contemplation of the social destruction which sensual vice has brought upon the communities of former days We need a more ardent love of purity, a higher reverence for the sanctities of human relations, a more generous public spirit, and a more commanding sense of individual responsibility for the public welfare.

Having these, we shall find the ways in which to work to defend our civilization from this insidious danger so plainly threatening it. I do not know that I have the wisdom to suggest any of these definitely now. Doubtless they must needs be determined by experiments, which may include many instances of failure. But I think one thing is clear,—in all these matters of social welfare, we are hereafter to work socially chiefly. That is, we are to accomplish the improvement of social conditions by organizations of good and earnest individual men and women, animated by unselfish devotion and aiming at specific moral results. This is the turn things are taking now, distinctively, in our country. Especially in our cities the condition of our political institutions is such we that can get nothing from our law-makers except what we wrest from

them by powerful pressure. Our executives (we may as well acknowledge it) will not at present enforce the best laws unless kept to their duty by vigilant and determined social agencies. The abettors of evil are as free citizens as ourselves, made more active and energetic by selfish interest in the promotion of a score of the forms in which vicious tendencies manifest themselves.

Our principal immediate reliance for public reform and improvement must therefore be a refined public opinion and efficient social organizations. And these, friends, we ought to be developing and promoting without delay. For the evils to which I have especially pointed you work in society like a contagion in the blood of an individual.

And, indeed, it is not alone direct agencies which will arrest and cure these evils. Their existence is largely due, as I intimated, to the novelty of our conditions, as great congested populations, which have grown up so suddenly that we have not yet created our institutions.

But we could do something, we could do much, immediately, if only the respectable element in our population were properly alive to the necessities of our time and honorably resolute in meeting these. The more flagrant of present abuses could be corrected. Our streets ought to be purged, promptly, of the licentious representations by which they are so extensively defiled. The trade even of a dealer in narcotics or stimulants ought not to be suffered to do a deadlier damage by vile moral concomitants. We ought to hold our papers to a far higher standard of decency—if we can find out how to do this! We ought to rebuke our artists when they desecrate the exquisite creations of God by a profane touch. Our shop windows ought to be expurgated. We ought, without delay, to institute a censorship of public exhibitions and plays, which, while permitting every element of amusement that is not debasing, should vigorously exclude all that is immoral and indelicate.

Will you not, at least, reflect on these things, and be ready to act as good citizens, as upright men and women, with whomsoever you may, for the correction of evils which are patent?

JOSEPH MAY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## *THE RECALL.*

High in the rocky pasture I lie within the shade,
And silently with half-shut eyes I watch the daylight fade
In the valley far below me, where closes in the night,
While here among the hilltops the sun shines warm and bright.
The shadows lengthen round me, I lie as if asleep;
But I hear a cow-bell tinkle; I see the browsing sheep,—
A gray-white flock, which half-way up the mountain side doth keep;
The phœbe-bird is calling from an alder-bush near by;
Above my head the soft white clouds in a bed of azure lie;
And the warm west wind comes, bringing its gift of health to me,—
It sighs within the spruce-tops, it stirs the old oak-tree,
And its green waves pass along the grass like the swell of a summer sea.

Dear spirit of the mountains, would I might always stay,
Breathing the breath of thy purple hills, free as I am to-day!
How sweet to rest upon thy breast and dream my life away!
But the thought of the crowded city is pressing on my heart,
And I ever hear sad voices bidding me depart,
And once again in a world of pain perform my needful part.

M. S. D.

Portland, Me.

## *UNIVERSALISM:*

### ITS HISTORY IN EUROPE.

Although Universalism, as embodied in an organization, is little more than a century old, as an idea it is coeval with Christian history. The early Church, in the first glow of its enthusiasm and in the largeness of its faith and love, had little sympathy with any doctrine of eternal evil in a universe governed by the heavenly Father of Jesus. Orthodox and heretic seem to have had that "longing for perfected harmony in the universe" which Olshausen says causes Universalism to be "deeply rooted in noble minds." Some of the most eminent of the Christian Fathers were prominent in teaching the final salvation of all; and it seems to have been the idea of destiny which during the first three centuries was generally advocated among the more eminent of the Christian teachers. Clement of Alexandria, in the second century, taught the final salvation of all, as also did Origen, who has

been called the greatest man of the Greek Church, and of whom Dr. Schaff says, in his Church History, that he "did more than all his enemies combined to advance the cause of sacred learning, to refute and convert heathens and heretics, and to make the Church respected in the eyes of the world." Diodorus, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Basil the Great, Gregory, and Gregory of Nyssa were some of the leaders of the early Church who taught the final salvation of all. Of the six theological schools of the first three centuries only one taught the doctrine of endless punishment. One taught the annihilation of the wicked, and the other four taught the doctrine of universal salvation.

These different ideas were taught in the same communion without disturbing its harmony. Their acceptance or rejection was not a test of fellowship. No one idea arrogated to itself the title of Orthodoxy. Dr. Edward Beecher, in his "History of the Doctrine of Retribution," says that these believers in the final restoration of all souls were the equals of any of their brethren in scholarship, in piety, and in missionary zeal; and Doederlein, in his "Institutes of Christian Theology," tells us that, "in proportion as any one was eminent in learning in Christian antiquity, the more did he cherish and defend the hope of the termination of future torments."

As the Church became tainted by alliance with political power and the dark ages came on, the doctrine of universal salvation declined and that of everlasting punishment became the prevailing creed; but the larger hope was not officially condemned by the Church until about the middle of the sixth century. There are occasional evidences of the existence of this faith, even in the darkest ages of Christian history, in writings and anathemas of the Church that were from time to time directed against it as well as in certain notable instances of its advocacy. It was taught by Maximus, the Confessor, in the seventh century; in the ninth century by John Scotus Erigena, the greatest scholar of his age; by the Albigeness, in the eleventh century, if we can trust the charges of their papal persecutors; by Solomon, Bishop of Bassora, in the thirteenth century; by the Lollards, in the fourteenth century; and in the fifteenth century by a sect called "Men of Understanding."

With that stimulus to thought which came with the revival of learning and the Reformation, the advocacy of Universalism became more frequent. While it was taught in the sixteenth century by some scholars and divines of the Reformed Church, it found the most of its adherents among the Anabaptists; and in the latter half of that century the article condemning Universalism was struck out of the articles of religion of the Church of England, so that the larger hope has been tolerated in that Church for more than three hundred years. In the theological controversies of the seventeenth, and still more of the eighteenth, century the final salvation of all was one of the fiercely disputed questions, and one which found many able defenders in both England and Germany, some of whom suffered persecution and were driven into exile because of their larger faith.

Universalism has no organization in Europe adopting the name except a few congregations in Scotland, but the idea has found a large acceptance there. It is especially prevalent in Germany and England. The English Unitarians have long been pronounced in their Universalist sentiments; and the larger hope has many advocates in the Church of England and among the Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. Many of the prominent thinkers and writers of Europe have expressed their faith in the salvation of all, among whom may be mentioned Hugo Grotius, the great statesman and lawyer; Jung Stilling, whose work was so effective against German rationalism; Schleiermacher, one of the greatest minds that Germany has ever produced; Sir Henry Vane; Cudworth, philosopher and divine of the English Church; William Whiston; Sir Isaac Newton; William Law, author of the "Serious Call"; Dr. Samuel Johnson; Dr. Priestley; Oberlin, the German preacher and philanthropist; and Sir James Mackintosh. Moore, Wordsworth, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and most, if not all, of the poets contemporary with them, expressed their belief in Universalism. They were the John the Baptists of that larger faith which Kingsley, Maurice, Stanley, Brooke, and Farrar have since preached in the pulpits of the English Church. Among the more recent writers who have shown their sympathy with the faith of Universalism

are Dickens, Thackeray, George MacDonald, Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Gerald Massey, Owen Meredith, and Robert Buchanan. Books advocating Universalist ideas, often written by clergymen of the established or dissenting evangelical churches, are frequently issued from the English press; and the indications are that faith in the final salvation of all is rapidly leavening the churches of England.

CHARLES L. WAITE.

Brunswick, Me.

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## *THE MIRACLE CHURCH.*

Twenty miles below Quebec is the little town of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Here is the wonderful miracle church. At the entrance to the church tower on either side stacks of crutches and canes which have been thrown away by those believing souls, who have performed the pilgrimage and been visited by the favor of Ste. Anne.

One morning at The Florence—which now enjoys the favor shown the St. Louis of Howells's day—a neighboring lodger was endeavoring to arouse his wife to take the early boat for the Saguenay. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the boat left at seven. So one could hardly blame the good wife's reluctance to arise. The husband's efforts were not in vain, and more far-reaching than he imagined; for his persistence gave him another companion at the six o'clock breakfast. What should one do? Ste. Anne had been suggested for a trip, and the train left at 7.20 for the Miracle Church. Would not a pilgrimage to its holy shrine be a proper penance for the unspoken anathemas hurled at the head of that over-punctual husband? It was so decided; and down St. John Street, through the gate, and by the Gray Nuns one picked his way to the station. The second-class coaches were well filled,—but few travelling first class,—and almost all for the same destination. Baskets and boxes of food showed that the good pilgrims intended to look after their physical as well as their spiritual wants.

An hour's ride past the Falls of Montmorenci brought one to Beaupré, a little village of one or two streets along the bank of the St. Lawrence. It contained perhaps five or six hundred inhabitants; but to-day there were as many thousands. At the pier was the steamer from Montreal, and great crowds of pilgrims had come from this place and Joliette,—all now adorned with the brass badge and red ribbon, to show they were sharers in the pilgrimage. It was a most curious assemblage, composed almost entirely of French Canadians, though occasionally a bit of a brogue would show another branch of the Celtic race. All were sober and earnest,—young boys and girls as well as old men and women. There was nothing light in the whole scene.

The early mass was almost over, and in the basilica the announcement was made that a special service at 11 would be held for the benefit of the pilgrims from Montreal, and that at that time the sacred relics would be shown.

In the interval one has opportunity to pass about the various chapels on either side, filled with kneeling worshippers, who move their lips in prayer as they follow your movements with their eyes. In the centre of the church, directly in front of the altar, is an image of Ste. Anne, adorned with offerings of brass hearts, rosaries, pots of paper flowers, and lighted by the tapers. Around this is the largest throng. The whole cathedral seems to be in imitation of pink Italian marble. But out of doors there is a more interesting spectacle than the building. Here the hucksters are driving a brisk trade in sacred emblems. Are they Tetzels of the nineteenth century? Crucifixes, brass badges, paper flowers, rosaries, images of Ste. Anne in every conceivable form, are to be purchased at enormous profit—to the seller. Young boys are peddling bottles containing holy water that but a few days before had been filled with castoria, ale, or ginger. In short, the devout pilgrim could here purchase anything he desired to assist him in his holy services. Every house in the village seemed to combine the two offices of shop and boarding-house. The true pilgrims, indeed, were informed by posters that only two stores—one in the church basement, the other adjoining the entrance—gave their profits to the support of *la bonne Ste. Anne.*

The miserable heretic, however, approached the fakir with his baskets of holy wares, and priced the articles. "How much?" he asked in French, picking up a brass badge, stamped on the face with a cut of Ste. Anne holding the Virgin, and on the obverse

with a cut of the basilica. "Ten cents," replied the man. "And this?" showing a rosary. "The same." Then the heretic passed over a half-dollar, expecting change. It came, but only ten cents. After a half-hour's talk, during which the peasants thronged about and took sides, five ten-cent bits were placed in the tourist's hand, and from them two passed over to pay for the purchases. Then came a delightful shrug of the shoulders as the man declared, "I deceive myself." But the tourist is far away, avoiding all the tempting offers of cabmen to take him to the Falls, and passes up to a little wayside chapel, where, without service or priest, men and women were kneeling, beseeching the good Ste. Anne to pray for them.

Everywhere such sights were to be seen, and the multitudes being fed from their own baskets along the plank walks or at the tables arranged for their convenience. The fragments were carefully gathered to serve for other meals. Here was a woman trying to walk, while her friends surrounded her and carried her crutches. Her feet only slipped along the ground with great effort, but even this seemed encouraging. Here and there were pale, wan invalids, whose companions looked hopeful, if they did not.

All were now pouring into the church for the special service when the holy relics were to be shown. Besides the relics of numerous saints and martyrs, they have here the finger bone of Ste. Anne, the grandmother of Jesus. Perhaps it is this that causes the good Ste. Anne to look with special favor on this spot. Here are her bits, here her phalanges, to paraphrase Virgil's explanation of Juno's liking for Carthage. The church was packed with people,—all serious, devout, counting their rosaries, and moving their lips in prayer, while the priests and their attendants solemnly filed in and took their places by the main altar, and the solemn mass and procession began. The services were conducted in French. At one point a priest mounted the preacher's desk and gave directions for forming the procession. Ahead went a priest with a large crucifix, followed by women, then men, then children. So the long procession of pilgrims moved down the pier and back through the town, chanting the praises of *la bonne Ste. Anne* and praying for her favor.

Before the rear had left the church, the van of the line was back. Then the band of priests, with lighted tapers housed in gold, passed out of the church, and continued the service before the entrance. They bore in their midst on the shoulders of four acolytes, like another ark, the golden house that contained the sacred relics. All the time from the pilgrims arose the chant mingling with that of the priests. As one, shivering, viewed them, he could even question the benefit to be derived by the sick from facing that keen wind. Perchance the glow of the hope and faith in their hearts so warmed them that their bodies did not feel its penetrating sharpness. Again they sought the shelter of the church. Every nook and cranny was packed. The chapels were filled with kneeling, devout worshippers, the main body of the church with a congregation listening to the exhortation of the preacher, while around the main altar knelt those desiring especial favor. To these the priests were passing continually, performing the sacrament.

Were they cured? Who can tell? Marvellous stories are given to the world, and faith cures are not unknown elsewhere in certain cases. Why not here as well? If one could have such blind faith in the power of Ste. Anne, would it not revive hope, at least, in a despondent heart? And faith with hope may prove the turning-point in very many cases. A more difficult question to answer is, Do the priests believe in any miraculous cures? Was it imagination, or did one occasionally see on some of their faces the flicker of a smile of contempt, and yet pride at their own success? On the train returning to Quebec, one could but notice their ostentatious reading of missals, while others gave advice to relatives anxious for the welfare of their sick, strengthening their courage by mentioning incidents of cures.

However, if the people are helped by their own faith, what difference what their priests actually think? A rationalist at times has a desire for such faith, denied to his reason. But all such things as console the simple peasant seem to him absurd,—not satisfying to his awakened mind and intelligence. He could not find comfort in a pilgrimage to a holy shrine any more than he could in climbing toilsomely up steep Mount Royal in the

French cemetery at Montreal. Yet to a Catholic mind there may be consolation in passing there to the Stations of the Cross, kneeling with uncovered head in prayer at each, as he journeys up,—up to that frightfully realistic scene of the crucifixion on the summit. The lesson impressed upon his mind by those three high crosses, with life-size figures nailed to them, may recall to him only what He suffered for them. But to a rationalist the scene is all too gross, too painful; and he hurries away, leaving it with its devout pilgrims and its loving couples,—for even here, at the foot of the cross, one sees young men and maidens joking and making love, apparently forgetful of their surroundings.

C. Crocker.

Salem, Mass.

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## *SAINT BERNARD.**

I see thee in thy tear-washed cell,
A humble monk, with willing feet
Each task performing,—bitter-sweet,
Monotonous as cloister bell;
Ay, greatly doing lowliest things,
And nourishing thy mighty soul
With starry thoughts and deeds of love,
Feeding the most on that sweet bread
Thou giv'st to others in daily dole.
When duty calls, I see thee go
With step forthright and gaze above,—
Not doubting, go to counsel kings
And give the riven Church a Head.
In thy simplicity sublime,
Conscience of Europe of thy time
Wert thou, good Bernard of Clairvaux.

Above thy time's dark haggard ways,
Divine, I see thy manhood shine:
'Tis in such noble souls as thine
God keeps his beacon-fires ablaze
To let us know that all is well;
And though at times we may grow sad,
And look ahead with troubled breath,
And lift our childish pleas above,
No times nor men are wholly bad.

'Tis goodness keeps the world in awe.
The dark, mysterious Gates of Death,
The adamantine walls of hell,
Are builded all of infinite love;
And nought so great and nought so small
As to escape love's changeless thrall,
For through all things runs God and Law.

Oh, cowled monk of abbey small,
Thy life austere, thy power intense,
Show us the *force and excellence*
*Of simple goodness,*— that is all.

F. H. Knickerbocker.

Fertile, Minn.

* Written on reading a sketch of his life.

## *HUMAN NATURE AS VIEWED BY LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.*

It would be difficult to estimate the beneficent effects of such protests as those of Channing and his fellow liberal Christians against the old degrading view of man. Intelligence and conscience were on their side; and, in a single generation, the Calvinistic sentiment of cultured New England was revolutionized. It would be a small thing to boast of, that Harvard College, through its board of government and its faculty, came over to the Unitarians, and that with scarcely an exception the Congregational churches of Boston and vicinity avowed Unitarianism as their faith,—a small thing to boast of, if the influence of the new teaching had ended there; but it did not end there. The new view of human nature at once invested man with a new dignity and interest, and lent profound earnestness to every movement which had his advancement in view. The cause of education was at once lifted into increased prominence, and invested almost—yes, quite—with a religious interest. Philanthropy sought new avenues for its blessed ministrations. Moral reforms were inaugurated upon many different lines. Especially temperance found advocates among the learned and cultured, while slavery came under the ban because of its practical degradation of the human soul. Surely, such results as these justify something of pride in our religious ancestry, while they afford striking comment upon the truth of the view of man which liberal Christians advanced. Had the influence of that view stopped with the matters we have mentioned, it would still constitute a unique chapter in human thought,—unique because of the quick response of so many who accepted the doctrine to the ethical responsibilities which it laid upon them; for I doubt if doctrine and practice were ever more in harmony than they were among the Unitarians of Dr. Channing's time. But the influence of the new view of man was felt emphatically in another field, the field of literature. Calvinism throws around the mind an atmosphere fatal to the general growth of genius in literature. A system of theology which puts nature and man under a blighting curse, and shrouds God in a cloud of wrath, can never *nourish* a

poet, a writer of romance, a true philosopher, or a true historian. If any of these arise and live in an atmosphere of Calvinism, it is because the fire of native genius is so strong that it burns in spite of the chilling influence of its surroundings. It was no matter of chance that, following the enthusiastic proclamation of the dignity and worth of human nature by the Unitarians, New England found itself the centre of the literary thought and activity of America. Doubtless, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell and Whittier would have sung under any circumstances. And Emerson, with the concentrated genius and moral force of seven generations of earnest thinkers in his mind and soul, would have prophesied. And Hawthorne would have told his wonderful stories. And Sparks and Bancroft and Motley would have sought to revive the life of the past for the instruction of the present. But who that has the slightest apprehension of the necessity of a congenial atmosphere to the successful work of a literary artist, of the indispensability of a constituency in sympathy with his aims and appreciative of his efforts, can doubt for a moment that the splendidly prolific lives of the New England literary guild are to be attributed to the existence among cultured people of this new ideal of man, which had lifted his natural love of beauty and harmony, brightness and innocent delight, heavenly justice and heavenly truth, to the place of sacred intuitions? It is not to be doubted. The biographies of such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and others, tell the story. Surrounded by friends whose admiration was a constant incentive to the best work, and encouraged and sustained by an ever-increasing, ever-widening constituency of readers, the men we have mentioned, and others with them,—yes, and a noble, talented group of women as well,—have made this nineteenth century from its second quarter a truly remarkable age of letters in America.

But what has the new view of man to say of his religious needs and responsibilities? It has much to say, and to say with emphasis. Some matters that were emphasized under the old view are emphasized as well under the new. Some things have been dropped. Some things have been amended, and the emphasis placed upon a line of thought, or faith, or duty which was subordinate before. Thus eternal torment is no longer an issue. The conviction is strong that it is not a "fearful" but a blessed thing "to fall into the hands of the living God." The cry, "What must I do to be saved?" finds its most practical answer when the soul has learned to ask earnestly, "What can I do to save?" The peril to the soul from external temptations and inward impulses to wrong and evil is recognized as real and deadly, and the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit are frankly acknowledged to be the only certain protection against their influence. The most stringent Orthodoxy cannot be more emphatic upon this point than Unitarianism is. Nowhere, however, in the outlook for man, is there despair. The new view has no place in it for such an apprehension. Hope and large anticipation are alone consistent with it. That man has steadily advanced since first he stood upon this planet is no feeble ground for believing that the advance will continue indefinitely. That the force of personality has gained with the rise of man intellectually, morally, and spiritually, until it is now practically immortal upon the earth, justifies the confidence that personality is undying, that the soul will live and grow in grace and power forever. The words of Paul to the Corinthians, "The first man is of the earth earthy: the second man is of heaven," agree in their deepest meaning with all that we know of the history of man, and all that we reasonably anticipate regarding his future.

As for the sins of man, they appeal to the judgment for what they are, not for what they are not. Unquestionably, they are looked upon with more of calmness and reason: I am sure they are not regarded with less regret. The great influences of heredity and environment in shaping character are clearly seen and frankly admitted; and pity for those who fall, being tempted mightily, mingles with abhorrence of their sin. If I read the gospel aright, this is the attitude of Christ toward the sinner and his sin.

The new view of man urges religion, not so much as a scheme of insurance for the future as a practical sweetener, a practical help and inspiration in the life of to-day. In reverence and worship it sees an attitude

natural to the human soul; in practical obedience to the requirements of the gospel, it sees that which can alone make life worth living. In fine, man, in the new light in which religion and life are viewed in consequence of the changed conception of human nature, may repeat as a fairly adequate expression of his faith those exceeding fine lines of Wordsworth's:—

"We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

CHARLES E. PERKINS.
Athol, Mass.

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## *A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL'S RELIGION.*

Of all the sacred mysteries in the world none calls for more reverent treatment than the mind of a little child. There is so much hidden there which no eye can see, and only the tenderest sympathy can ever apprehend, there are such delicate buds of feeling there which are so easily bruised or crushed, there are such deep unspoken romances, lights, and shadows hidden away in the recesses, and withal there is such a simple truthfulness in the natural mind of a little child, and such a readiness for impressions which will work there for good or evil all through life, that the charge of one of these little minds by parent or teacher becomes the most solemn of all the charges that can possibly be laid on any of us.

It is, indeed, terrible to think how many myriads of these arks of sacred treasure are cast upon the world amid rough and unsympathetic usages, how many parents have no notion whatever of any child-training beyond the ancient "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," or the no less pernicious easy indulgence that never checks or guides at all, but only yields. It is wonderful that amid all this reckless and irresponsible fatherhood and motherhood human beings, on the whole, should grow up such a well-ordered set as they are. But, then, God is always there, and he has ways of finding out and training the child mind even when the parent is blind and heedless of all the delicate duty of parentage.

Early in the present century, beyond the silver streak, in that country which, on the whole, has done so much to corrode and destroy the ancient faith of Christendom, a little story enacted itself which reveals in a touching manner the spiritual instincts and the spiritual needs which often lie unsuspected in the bosom of a child. Aurore Dupin, afterwards very famous as the great George Sand, queen of the romance-writers of France, was the daughter of a simple *grisette*, ardent, imaginative, and full of undoubting faith in the religion of the priests and the mass. But her father's mother was a true daughter of the times,—an aristocratic old lady, but penetrated with the sceptic spirit of intellectual and revolutionary France. She was a disciple of Voltaire, a firm believer, that is, in God as the Creator of the world, but without any of the more tender touches of religion, and full of cynical contempt for the mysteries of the Catholic Church. From the mother with whom she lived in her earliest childhood Aurore caught some of the glow of her fervent piety. Then—I suppose at eight or ten years old—she passed into the care of proud old Madame Dupin; and the glow was chilled with the breath of her icy philosophy and unimpassioned Deism. The Voltairean dame noted with dismay the emotional ardor of the little girl, and set herself forthwith to uproot her religious tendencies.

But, if Madame Dupin was a sceptic, she was an aristocrat as well. And, if she set herself to destroy the germ of faith in her little grand-daughter by the processes of reason, she none the less desired that she should take part in such ecclesiastical observances as were essential to her position in the world of fashion. Now it was *de rigueur* that every young lady who was to move in fashionable circles should, at about thirteen, undergo her confirmation and take her first communion. And for this there must be the regular preparation. And so the poor little maiden, with her quick intelligence and her vivid imagination, was submitted at the same time to a systematic course of religious instruction from the priest and to the severest training in rational scepticism and contempt for the popular faith from her guardian.

A monstrous treatment truly for the tender bud of a human soul! And yet, even to-day and in England, how many bewildered little beings alternate between the church or the school where the whole Protestant

theology is pressed upon them as the very truth on which their salvation depends and the home where they hear the Bible itself slightingly spoken of, or more likely never hear it alluded to, never see a sign that it is felt to have any real bearing on life, from the beginning of the year to the end!

The mass, that awful miracle of the Christ ever crucified again according to Catholic faith, that grotesque fragment of a fanciful mythology according to Protestant polemics, seems under these mixed auspices to have found no place in the little girl's reverence. The curé, standing up before a big table and ever and anon turning round to utter incomprehensible things, seems to her comic rather than reverend. But, when it came to the reading of the Gospels and the learning of the life of Jesus, the little heart was touched, and the ready tears flowed freely. Madame Dupin infused as many drops of scepticism as she could into the reader's views of the person of the Master; but still Aurore ever after felt the solemn beauty and the moving pathos of the tale of Galilee, as all unspoiled hearts have always felt it.

The day of the confirmation and communion came, and Aurore, with the rest, was dressed up as for a pageant. Her guardian's word of preparation consisted of a warning to her not to think that she was "really going to eat her Creator." The child was sick at the hollowness of the whole thing, and would fain have backed out at the last. But it flashed on her that, after all, the words of Christ—"This is my body"—could be only metaphorical, and for the moment her bewildered soul took refuge in the purely spiritual interpretation of the communion which has made it a delight to so many of the world's best and wisest. And the little girl left the church that day at peace in mind and heart.

Thus as childhood was turning into youth, and mind and heart were taking on the first glow which by and by should ripen into the richness of womanhood, Aurore Dupin found herself a Catholic, stamped with the seal of the Church, yet a sceptic breathing the very air of the Revolution, a deep admirer of the story of the Man of Galilee, sensitive to all the gentle beauty of the Christian trust, yet penetrated by the logic of the unbeliever and wholly incredulous of the argument on which the Church built up the faith.

And so, while she was still but thirteen years old, the mind and heart turned in upon themselves, and began to weave a new religion that should be wholly free from the embarrassments of the historic church,—a new religion which should be her own and her own alone, and which no man—and no grandmother—should ever be able to disturb.

It was not that she believed that which she invented; but, as she wove together the threads of her imagination, it afforded a vent for her natural religious feeling, and she was able to absorb her affection and her reverence in the God of her own creation, and to feel the cravings of her spiritual nature satisfied. Since all religion is a fiction, thought the child, let me weave a religion of my own; and then when it was ready woven, and the crude, childish culture was set up, there came times when it did actually grow real to her,—a real religion,—and for a little while she could forget that all religion is fiction.

The name and shape of the new divinity came to her in a dream. The little idolater called her God "Corambé"; and this is how the woman, long afterwards recording the memories of her childhood, describes the deity whom her bright imagination had thus set up:—

"He was pure and charitable as Jesus, radiant and beautiful as Gabriel; but it was needful to add a little of the grace of the nymphs and the poetry of Orpheus. Accordingly, he had a less austere form than the God of the Christian, and a more spiritual feeling than those of Homer. And then I was obliged to complete him by investing him on occasion with the guise of a woman, for that which I had up to this time loved the best, and understood the best, was a woman,—my mother. And so it was often under the semblance of a woman that he appeared to me. In short, he had no sex, and assumed all sorts of aspects. . . . Corambé should have all the attributes of physical and moral beauty, the gift of eloquence, the omnipotent charm of the arts,—above all, the magic of musical improvisation. I wished to love him as a friend, as a sister, while revering him as a God. I would not be afraid of him, and to this end I desired that he should have some of our errors and weaknesses. I sought that one which could

be reconciled with his perfection, and I found it in an excess of indulgence and kindness."

Then Aurore composed, though she never wrote, her Veda, her Gospel, her Koran. At least a thousand sacred songs, she says, she made, describing the life of her divinity when he was in the flesh, and his contact with men and women. Like Jesus, like Gotama, the Buddha, Corambé always appears as the friend of man, helping and suffering, saving and persecuted, redeeming and martyred.

Then came the temple and the temple service. There was a thick copse in the grandmother's garden, and there, behind the thickest of the thicket, where no footstep ever came, and no eye could penetrate through the bountiful foliage, in a little natural glade carpeted with luxuriant moss, this little French girl — daughter of the Church and the Revolution — set up her altar against a tree, adorned it with shells and flowers, and then bethought herself what sacrifice should be made upon the altar to the good Corambé. She would not take life; for that would give the kindly God no pleasure. No: she would lay all the creatures she could find upon the altar, and there the holy sacrifice should be their restoration to liberty and life.

So bird or butterfly, lizard or small green frog, was gently captured, laid in a little box, and set upon that sylvan altar. Then the lid was raised and the captive liberated, to escape to bough or sward, while the young priestess invoked Corambé, the genius of freedom and protection.

In this mimic worship, amid the verdure and the fragrance and the solitude, while the birds sang and the gaudy butterflies hovered on the blossoms, Aurore felt the sweet influences of a religion of the heart stealing into her being; and, fiction though she knew it all was outwardly, yet inwardly it was to her not without its blessing and its sanctification.

It was a sad day when a boy companion found out the little sanctuary, and would have joined with her in the tender cultus of her god. He did not mock: he meant all sympathy and respect. But she felt that the tread of the stranger had defiled the shrine. It was no more her own. The presence of Corambé, with its sweet and soothing power, seemed no more to haunt the glade. She pulled down her altar, buried its garlands in the ground, and gave up the worship which had made that temple holy.

The story of Aurore Dupin's maturer childhood is not without its lessons either. Sent to a convent to complete her education, she headed through the first year all the more madcap girls within the seminary,— was leader of the group known as *les diables*, in distinction to the more docile pupils, who were called *les sages*. Then one evening, amid the solemn, mysterious lights of the convent chapel, the deep emotion of religion once more struck fire in her heart, and for a little while all her young soul was wrapped in the flame of a passionate devotion, till, in the last year of her pupilage, we find her with balanced mind and conscience, good and gentle, sincere and true in Christian worship, but the wilder storms of religious emotion hushed to the temper of a serene and quiet faith.

But it is the story of the young Aurore and her god Corambé, of the thousand devout songs and of the sylvan altar, that seems to me to have in it, grotesque though it be, a lesson so touching, an appeal to all parents of little children so powerful and persuasive. The writer of the article from whom I have drawn the account is impressed with the difficulty of wakening in children a response to the true religious ideas of the grown men and women in the world. He says that they materialize and anthropomorphize the spiritual conceptions of their elders,—that the story the elders have to tell of the divine Father and the rest has no direct contact with childish experience. I think he has drawn the wrong moral from his story. It is the elders, not the little ones, that most coarsely materialize and anthropomorphize the spiritual idea. It is the man of the world, not the little child, that fails to find in his heart any mirror of that divine Father whose appeal is to the conscience and the affections. Children are full of receptivity to spiritual ideas. If you find that your little child imagines God a big man, and clothes him in grotesque habiliments, be sure that it is you, or the teachers to whom you have submitted him, that have given the hint on which the coarse materialization is founded. Almost all children of eight or ten years old are able to

receive most spiritual thoughts. They have less difficulty in apprehending the unseen God, the loving Father who speaks to the heart without sound of voice, than the average man of fifty. The well of the religious life has not yet been defiled in them: the waters still flow fresh and sweet from their natural spring. Your task is not to impose a theology on the child, but, with very reverent and tender touch, to reveal to him his own inward life, and to teach him to recognize in the moral instincts and higher affections that move within him the actual speech of God striving to help him to be good and kind and true.

And be sure the story of Aurore Dupin is only exceptional because her powers of imagination and composition were exceptional, and because her training shaped her religious consciousness in peculiar forms. The deep inward sense of need was in no way exceptional. When Jesus laid his hand on the little children and likened the life that lay behind the sweet child-eyes to the life of spirits in the kingdom of God, he knew what he was talking about: he knew that the child-soul has fibres and tendrils that feel out for religious support; that the child to whom father or mother gives no religion is starved and wronged, a part of its nature as God made it left unfed, unsatisfied, and that part the most tender and the most sacred part of all. If you love God yourself, and talk to your child quite simply the truth that is true to you, you will not find it hard to lead your child to love God, too,—yes, not only to love Jesus, the kind teacher and friend of little boys and girls, but to love that Father, too, whose name was ever on the lips of Jesus, and whose love was ever in his heart. If you yourself do not love God, then, indeed, you cannot do it; but, if the trustful, reverent love be really in your own heart, then you can kindle it in your child's heart, too.

It is among the saddest of all sad things to me to see so many bright and frank lads and lasses in our time either taught a mythology in the name of Christianity against which intellect and conscience must revolt in a few short years, or else left quite untaught, unguided, amid the conflicting talk on many sides, unhelped by the father and mother to whose solemn charge God gave them, in that which is of more moment to them than all the education so freely showered on them. Schools and teachers are chosen wholly regardless of the greatest of all the needs of the little child. Religious impressions are left to the mere drift of chance. For the sake of a better French accent or a purer Latinity, the little mind is handed over to any religious influence that may chance; and the lights which God lit in the little soul are one by one put out, till the youth or maiden stands on the threshold of maturity without one sure, clear thought on the themes wherein lies all the lasting worth of human life.

Yes, you cannot, without unfaithfulness to the gravest of all human trusts, shirk the duty of teaching your child religion,—not, indeed, by dogma, but by wakening and quickening in him the natural instincts of the spirit, and in simplest language leading him to understand what those instincts mean. And, after all, perhaps, if lovingly you try to do this thing, your little child will teach you yet more than you teach him. You strive to make it clear to him what this is,—this love of God, of which the world's wisest and holiest have spoken,—and, lo! as you look into the innocent, eager eyes, you learn yourself to understand what it is that it all means, as you never understood before. *Rev. R. A. Armstrong, in the London Inquirer.*

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## *PARABLES FOR THE PEOPLE.*

### ALL ABOARD!

At a certain railroad station a train pulled up, with much ringing of bell and noise of escaping steam. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor. But this train was a special, not down on the time-card, and nobody knew where it was going to or at what stations it would stop. Some few thoughtless passengers jumped aboard; but the others began inquiring of the trainmen and of each other where the train was bound for. But nothing could be learned on this important point. The conductor vaguely hinted that they were going west, but would state nothing definitely, because, he said, he did not wish to discourage anybody from getting aboard who had a general desire to go west. He even thought it unadvisable to state the direction in which the train was going; but, as anybody could see it was headed that

way, perhaps that statement would do no harm. One passenger, who was very anxious to reach a certain point, insisted upon definite information. For his benefit, but not at all as a guarantee to ticket-buyers that the train would make that point, the conductor informed him privately that it was commonly believed among the trainmen, and even suspected by some of the passengers, that the train would stop at certain stations which he mentioned, including the one to which this insistent passenger wished to go. After much confusion and questioning and discussion among the assembled passengers, the train pulled out, leaving most of the passengers on the platform to wait for a regular train, whose destination and stopping-places should be regularly announced.

THE GERMS AND THE MOLECULES.

In a certain field were the germs of several trees, among them being the seeds of an elm, an oak, and an apple-tree. These germs cried out to the molecules in the soil around them, saying, "We wish to become trees: come and give us of your substance and strength, that we may grow and become strong." The molecules listened gladly, for they were not content with the homogeneous and passive life which they were living, but wished to rise into the dignity of organic existence, and so aid in the outworking of Creation's plan. A great many of them started at once for the several germs, each selecting the one to which it felt most attracted, and in whose ultimate organic form it most desired a place. Some chose the oak, because the oak is a sacred tree, and they hoped some time to be stirred by the breath of Jove, and to whisper his sacred oracles to the world. Some, because they loved graceful form and outline, chose the elm, wishing to become partakers of its beauty. Others said, "We will cast our lot with the apple-tree, and perchance may some time take our place in its rosy fruit, and cheer the farmer's table in the dreary winter."

But there were other molecules who said: "We would like to rise into organic existence, but we do not wish to subject ourselves to any limitation. You who join the apple-tree party cannot hope to have any fellowship with those who unite with the party of the oak; and you oak-ites must necessarily refuse fellowship with the elm-ites and the apple-ites. You are separating yourselves from the common brotherhood of molecules, and shutting yourselves up in the limitations of sect and creed. We believe in growth, when growth does not demand limitation of any kind. But we do not see any way to join any of your parties without abridging our freedom, and that must be preserved at any cost. When we find a germ that does not commit us to any particular kind of a tree, which will promise us growth and co-operation without the abridgment of our individual liberty, we will gladly join with it. Until then we will remain in our homogeneous condition, happy in the possession of unlimited freedom."

These latter molecules long waited in hopeful expectancy for the desired germ; while their wiser fellows, who saw in the limitations of organic existence a larger freedom than that of the chaotic life of the soil, were soon elevated into a beautiful life, where they were kissed by the daily sunshine, wooed by fragrant breezes, baptized by descending showers, and blessed by the God of Nature for lending themselves to the outworking of his mighty plan.

GERMS AND MOLECULES, CONTINUED.

Some time after the above incident there appeared in this field a most curious germ, which asked for the suffrage of the molecules. When asked what sort of tree it expected to become, it refused to tell, saying that it believed in an open, broad fellowship, which would conflict with no molecular prejudice or opinion. It declared it intended to become a tree, but it either did not fully know or would not exactly state what *kind* of a tree. At first the molecules which had refused to become of the apple-ites or the elm-ites or the oak-ites were rejoiced, and said one to another, "Here is the germ we have been waiting for: here is the opportunity for growth without limitation. Let us go with this germ, and become —something. We shall doubtless soon learn what." But, when they began to assemble together, it was found that they could not unite. They discovered that every tree has a definite form and a definite purpose; and that this germ, which promised so much freedom, had really a very definite purpose,

and was aiming to subject them all to the domination of its organic law. When they remonstrated, the germ said: "Friends, you cannot expect to act unless you do something. I am not different from these other germs in having no definite purpose, but only in calling myself by no definite name and in keeping my ultimate aim a secret." The molecules replied: "Then your promised freedom is a delusion. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and a rose with no name at all is still a rose. Perhaps we are all seeking something that does not exist. Tell us what sort of a tree you expect to become, and, if we like it, we will go with you; for we are determined to do something at once, and lie here in this fruitless dreaming no longer."

After this no more was heard of open and unlimited fellowship; but the molecules were soon distributed among the various trees and plants of the field, each going where its inclination led, and all together uniting under the great laws of growth. And then it was discovered that there was a vital fellowship among the various trees; that over their apparent diversity and individualism there brooded an all-embracing Unity, which, through the channels of organic growth, with its attendant and inevitable limitations, was outworking its own eternal purpose.

It was discovered that universal ends are achieved only by narrow and limited means, and that molecules and men have a larger, freer, and more fruitful life when united by definite, organic laws than when reposing in the seemingly boundless freedom of anarchy and chaos. SOLON LAUER.

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## *GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.*

Among their many distinguished laymen there is none that American Unitarians more delight to honor than George William Curtis, who is one of the vice-presidents of the American Unitarian Association and also of the National Unitarian Conference. We are authorized to say that he will preside at the coming meeting of our National Conference at Saratoga. The following article, which we take from the *Christian Union*, will interest our readers. Says the *Union*:—

It would be unjust to George William Curtis, whose portrait we present to our readers with this week's issue of the *Christian Union*, to call him the American Addison; for this would deny him that individuality of character which is always the trait of a true man, distinguishing him from all masked imitations. It is said that the first impression which Jesus made upon the Nazarenes, when he spoke in their village synagogue, was that of grace; but he had not proceeded far before they discovered that grace is not inconsistent with great virility. Mr. Curtis is always graceful: he wears grace not as a garment, but it is bodied forth as the simple expression of a soul hat is gracious. But it always is, if it does not always appear, the grace of an athlete. His chosen sobriquet, 'The Easy Chair,' does him scant justice. Whether he wrestles or reposes, he is equally at ease; and he throws an antagonist in combat as gracefully as he chats with a friend. As an essayist, he is the lineal literary descendant of Addison and Steele and Lamb, though he is as little like either as they are like each other. As an orator, he is America's most finished and faultless speaker, with the perfect form of an Edward Everett or a Wendell Phillips, but inspired with a more intense earnestness than the former and restrained by a greater sobriety of judgment than the latter. His political editorials have put *Harper's Weekly* at the head of our political periodical literature by a strength without passion and a style without artifice.

"But it is as a man that George William Curtis will be remembered after his writings have been forgotten; for his pen has been so busy serving the present time that it has had no leisure to work for the future. His courageous honor has made him the leader and almost the creator of that body of Independents who have put national honor above party victory, and who, by daring to be independent of political platforms, have effectually rebuked those politicians who have dared to be independent of moral principles. As a political leader, his place should have been in the Senate of the United States, where, indeed, he might have been, had he been less worthy to be there. Though he can no longer be called a young man, whether life is measured by years or deeds, he is the leader of the young men, who gladly claim him as their own; for his heart never grows old. The same

manliness which he carries into literature and politics he carries also into religion, and has thought it no discredit to serve the little church near which he lives by reading to the congregation on Sabbath mornings other preachers' sermons, which he makes the expression of his own religious faith by an earnestness greater than some ministers put into their own productions.

It is not often safe to write the eulogy of the living. We believe it is entirely safe in the case of George William Curtis.

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## *JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

For forty-five years the chair of *belles-lettres* in Harvard College had but two occupants; and they were poets whose genius has given them a fair fame on both sides of the Atlantic, whose works are read, indeed, wherever the English language is used. Mr. Longfellow received his appointment in 1835, and filled the chair for nineteen years, when his mantle fell upon Mr. Lowell, who for twenty-six years performed the duties of the post in such a way as to reflect honor upon the office and to train up hundreds of young men to a wise appreciation of the good, the true, and the beautiful in letters. The university has had no mean advantage from the fact that the department was thus presided over for so long a time. It has been of great value to many college generations of young men that they have had the privilege of mere association with poets whose genius the whole world acknowledges. A liberal education consists not less in the humanizing influences which come from such associations than in the accumulation of facts.

Mr. Lowell was descended from a long line of men who have stood high in the annals of their country for two centuries and a half. His father was Rev. Charles Lowell, for many years pastor of the West Church (Unitarian), Boston; and his grandfather was Hon. John Lowell, a lawyer of eminence and one of the framers of the Constitution of Massachusetts. The emigrant ancestor was Rev. Percival Lowell, who settled in Newbury in 1639. It was Hon. John Lowell who inserted in the Constitution of Massachusetts the words, "All men are created free and equal," and after the Constitution had been adopted, by offering to argue in the courts that under it no man could be held in bondage, led to the abolition of slavery in the Commonwealth. We shall see that under the law of heredity this fact is not an insignificant one.

James Russell Lowell was born on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1819, at his late home, Elmwood, in Cambridge. The house in which he first saw the light is a relic of Continental days, having been built by Lieut.-Gov. Thomas Oliver, between 1763 and 1767. It was purchased, after the death of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, its former owner and occupant, by the poet's father, who greatly improved it and the generous surrounding grounds. The situation is near Mount Auburn Cemetery, and the building commands a fine view of the river Charles, which is so often referred to in Mr. Lowell's writings.

At the age of nineteen young Lowell graduated from Harvard College, and was class poet. The promise of this poem was not immediately fulfilled; for the author, instead of entering upon a literary career, as might have been expected, or upon the ministry, in imitation of the example of his father, as it was supposed that he would, passed through the Harvard Law School, and afterwards opened a law office in Boston. His genius was not, however, to be thus turned from its natural channel; and it was not long before the young lawyer gave up his profession, and began to devote himself to letters. In 1841 the first-fruit of this change appeared in a volume entitled "A Year's Life." It showed a vivid imagination, and contained many beautiful and striking images, all of which gave promise of the future with which we are so familiar. Mr. Lowell's next literary venture was the publication of the *Pioneer*, a magazine of criticism and literature, which he began in company with Robert Carter. It was too good to last long; and, though it contained contributions from Poe, Hawthorne, and others of like ability, it died at the age of three months.

In 1844 Mr. Lowell's second volume of poems appeared, and was published in England the same year. It comprised "A Legend of Brittany," "Prometheus," some sonnets, and miscellaneous poems. These productions showed growth in thoughtful-

ness and improvement in expression; but there seemed to careful critics to be a want of compression. A year later Mr. Lowell gave the first marked evidence of the love which he has ever had for our early literature in his "Conversations on Some Old Poets," a volume that has been permitted to go out of print, probably because the later critical essays of the author seem to him to comprise in riper form all that he desires to say on these themes. In these papers we see the early expression of the critical faculty that has since become so familiar in Mr. Lowell's writings. American letters boasts no other critic of the same breadth of intellect, general scholarship, and acquaintance with the literature of other languages. This broad scholarship leads him to make some references and to use certain words and illustrations which are unfamiliar to ordinary readers, and he has been accused of pedantry by those who do not know how great is his familiarity with abstruse subjects.

The third collection of Mr. Lowell's poems appeared in 1848, which was a most prolific year; for in it he gave to the world the first series of his "Biglow Papers," the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and the "Fable for Critics." The "Vision of Sir Launfal" derives its interest from the Arthurian romances and the story of the search for the Holy Grail. It is a tender illustration of the Saviour's teachings of love and good will. In the "Biglow Papers" and the "Fable for Critics" Mr. Lowell appears as a humorist with a purpose and a satirist of acuteness. The "Fable for Critics" is a review article in verse; and so just are the estimates made in it of contemporary writers that it has not yet lost its interest to readers who are studying the growth of our literature. Both the "Fable" and the "Biglow Papers" were published without Mr. Lowell's name; but his identity was not long hidden. The "Biglow Papers" gave the author a wide reputation in England, where he seemed until lately to be known rather as a satirist than as the scholarly poet that he is. In the "Biglow Papers" he gave a free rein to his love of recondite humor, drew with unerring precision the Yankee character, depicted in "Parson Wilbur" the pedantic minister of former days, and held up to reproach the war with Mexico and the system of African slavery. In the last fact we see the influence of the character of his grandfather and of his action in regard to slavery in his native State. These papers, like those by "Petroleum V. Nasby," appeared in the newspapers at first.

Mr. Lowell spent 1851 and 1852 in travel on the continent of Europe, being for a considerable time in Italy. After his return, in 1854, he delivered a course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, to large and enthusiastic audiences, on the subject of the British poets. These appear to have led to his selection as successor to Mr. Longfellow in the chair of *belles-lettres* at Harvard, to which he was appointed in 1855.

In 1857 Mr. Lowell accepted the position of editor of the *Atlantic*, which Phillips, Sampson & Co. were about to start. To his good judgment and editorial sagacity it owed its first success. Mr. Lowell refused to accept the new responsibility unless his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes would agree to support him by frequent contributions. This Dr. Holmes at first thought he could not do; but he was mistaken in considering that his season of literary productiveness had closed, and, when he began his series of "Autocrat" papers, the editor saw that the venture was to be a success. Mr. Lowell is wont to say that Dr. Holmes made the success of the *Atlantic*, and we shall not attempt to discriminate between the claims of the wise editor and the witty contributor. The success was made; and a stream of brilliant literature was set in motion that has not since stopped flowing, though a new generation of readers and writers has grown up. The publishers have changed several times; but never has it had more generous support than from the present proprietors, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Lowell held the position of editor until the end of 1862, when he became editor of the *North American Review*, in connection with his friend, Charles Eliot Norton. Until 1872 he contributed to the *Review*, as he had done to the *Atlantic*, political and literary articles of a high order. Some of these, like the reviews of Chaucer, the "Library of Old English Authors," and White's "Shakspere," were afterwards collected in volumes.

In 1864 "Fireside Travels" appeared. This volume was composed of letters addressed to Story, the sculptor and poet, who

was but imperfectly veiled under the "Storg" of the book. One chapter was devoted to a description of the Cambridge of the poet's youth. Another was entitled "A Moosehead Journal," and recounted incidents of life in the Maine woods. The entire volume is marked by the poet's humor and practical philosophy, while it is not wanting in tokens of his love of nature.

Three collections of Mr. Lowell's essays have been published: "My Study Windows," in 1869; "Among my Books," in 1870; and a second series, entitled "Among my Books," issued in 1876. These are unequalled by any similar writings by an American author, displaying as they do all the scholarship, wit, humor, and acquaintance with general literature for which Mr. Lowell is noted. The style is charming; and the reader feels that he is not merely being pleased, but is getting information of a valuable kind.

Mr. Lowell's last published volume of collected poems appeared in 1868,—twenty years after the one which preceded it,—with the title "Under the Willows." In it was included his "Commemoration Ode," recited at the dedication of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, July 21, 1865. This has been considered Mr. Lowell's greatest poem, though the poem which he read beneath the "Washington Elm," July 3, 1875, is perhaps its superior. The "Commemoration Ode" contains a eulogy of President Lincoln, concluding,—

"The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The only volume by Mr. Lowell that has not been mentioned is "The Cathedral," a poem which appeared first in the *Atlantic* for January, 1870, and a second series of "Biglow Papers" published in the same magazine during the late war, which treated that subject in the same manner as the war with Mexico had been originally discussed in the former series.

Besides the works that have been mentioned, Mr. Lowell has written much for the press, and has edited the poetical works of Marvell, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley, for the collection of British poets published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which was under the general editorial supervision of Mr. Lowell's friend, Prof. Francis J. Child of Harvard University.

Reference has been made to two of Mr. Lowell's trips to Europe. He was there also from 1872 to 1874, and during that sojourn he received in person at Oxford University the degree of D.C.L. In 1876 President Hayes honored his administration by appointing Mr. Lowell minister to the Spanish court. In 1880 he was removed to the court of St. James, and in both positions he has added to his laurels. Mr. Lowell was socially the most successful minister by whom our country has ever had the good fortune to be represented in England.

Mr. Lowell was married in 1844 to Miss Maria White of Watertown, a lady whose poems have been printed. Her death in 1853, which occurred at the same time with a birth in Mr. Longfellow's family, gave rise to the senior poet's beautiful lines entitled "The Two Angels." In 1857 Mr. Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap, niece of Ex-Gov. Dunlap of Maine.—*Arthur Gilman, in the Harvard Register for* 1880.

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## *DR. HALE AND THE "NATION" UPON LOWELL.*

Says Edward Everett Hale, in the *Commonwealth:* "The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sadness among all people who use the language which he used so well.

"In this neighborhood, however, which was his home, there is a world of personal recollections of the utmost tenderness, which are quickened by the announcement that we are not to see his face again or meet his cordial salutation. He was gifted with that greatest of gifts, the art of making friends; and in every circle which has known him there are pathetic remembrances of the friendships which he had formed and the steadiness with which he maintained them.

"The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, fifty years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. The members of his own class, with perfect unanimity, appointed him their class poet; and this was not before he had written and

published poems the sweetness and tenderness of which are still remembered. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half-plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his revered father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made him such a promise. But, as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise or that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The instinct of the poet was in him, and it was not to be trampled out by any firm resolution of the student.

"It is one of the finest illustrations of the readiness with which America submits her diplomatic business to men of conscience and character, without asking from them what is called a diplomatic education, that Mr. Lowell, in the missions to Spain and to England, discharged so admirably the duties which were intrusted to him. If anybody supposed that here was a mere man of letters, ignorant of the ways of action of men of affairs, Mr. Lowell's despatches undeceived them. He was appointed, as I suppose, to England simply because he was the most capable diplomatist whom we had abroad. He was sent to Spain under the influence of that happy tradition which had sent Alexander Everett there and Mr. Irving, with the view that a literary man well represented this country in that nation from whose archives half our history must be studied. In Spain, however, he showed that he was not merely a man of letters, but a man of affairs; and the authorities at Washington honored the administration when they transferred him to the post at London.

"Since his return to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and the readiness to render service where service came within his power. From the inexhaustible stores of his reading he would always contribute to the necessities of any one who applied to him; and, with the freshness of youth added to the experience of manhood, he kept his eyes open to whatever was interesting in the literature of our time or in the study of our language. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, 'Yes, it is good to be there; but the house is full of ghosts.' And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose: he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection, and tender sympathy."

The *Nation* closes a long and excellent article upon Lowell as follows:—

"It is too early to anticipate the judgment of posterity on Lowell's position in literature. All will now admit him to have been the author of the finest single poem yet produced in this country, the 'Commemoration Ode'; to have reached in his 'Biglow Papers' the high-water mark of American humor; to have been unquestionably, despite all necessary allowances, our foremost critic; and to have done more, probably, than any man to command for our institutions, in all their aspects, the respect of the English-speaking world. His fame was not—like that of his friend Longfellow or even like that of Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, and Bret Harte—international: few of his writings, if any, were translated into other languages than his own. But this is, after all, a very uncertain test of merit; and it is probable that no American author, unless it be Emerson, has achieved a securer hold upon a lasting fame. In his political aspect, nothing can be more certain than that his reputation will grow with time, and that, to say nothing of the vigor and originality of his thought, his independence, which of late years brought down upon him a shower of partisan abuse hardly to be matched in any country or in any age for indecency, will be rated among his crowning glories."

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The best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

—*Wordsworth.*

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit, then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed that thou mayest govern.—*Saint Augustine.*

## *A MOST SIGNIFICANT WORD FROM JAPAN.*

We are disposed to think that the most significant word that has yet come from Japan touching the interest of liberal Christianity there and at home is the following from Rev. G. L. Perin, who is in charge of the Universalist mission in Tokio. The August number of the *Universalist Monthly* contains a letter of considerable length from Mr. Perin, in which he speaks of the ill effects of orthodox Christian sectarianism in Japan and the disposition that is appearing among the broader-minded orthodox missionaries, and especially among the native churches and ministers, to do away with it as much as possible, and to unite upon the basis of the simple faith at the heart of all. This tendency is alarming to the conservative orthodox leaders, but it is a cause of most sincere rejoicing to Universalists, Unitarians, and all liberals. How much will come of it of course cannot yet be told; but the tendency is unmistakably good.

From describing this Mr. Perin turns to distinctive liberal Christianity, and inquires, What ought its course in Japan to be? Shall we consent to let it make the mistake of Orthodoxy, and go forward to build up and perpetuate sects and sectarianisms within its own ranks; that is, shall we have in Japan three weak liberal Christian sects,—Unitarian, Universalist, and German Evangelical? Or shall we do the more sensible, the broader, the nobler, the more Christian thing,—of uniting all three to form *one* strong and efficient church? All three teach essentially the same views of truth; all are aiming at essentially the same ends. Why, then, should we weaken ourselves, cripple our work, and confuse the minds of the Japanese people by standing apart, maintaining three separate sets of denominational machinery, and trying to build up three separate denominations?

We quote Mr. Perin's strong words:—

"Why should there be three liberal churches [sects] in Japan? I see no possible reason for it, provided there could be one with the strength of three. There is every reason *if* the united church could not be as strong as the three, for there is ample need of all that can be done by us all. But, unless the laws of business are wholly different, when applied to religious organization, to their application in all other enterprises, then one needs but a glance to see that there would be vast economy of strength if the three liberal missions of Japan could unite on satisfactory terms to form one church. Here we are, German Liberals, Unitarians, and Universalists side by side, with distinct differences in thought, but broadly in sympathy. Each one, if it succeeds denominationally, *must* have a theological school and press of its own. To sustain a united theological school or a united press would require but a small sum additional to that now used for any one. While as to the general mission enterprises, it goes without saying that a single committee having oversight of the whole field could plan more wisely than three separate committees working at random or each seeking to cover the entire ground. If it be said that there are shades of difference of opinion between the bodies, I anwer, Yes; but those differences are being expressed now: they would continue to be expressed so far as they are real, and not fictitious, under a union work. But how much better to have a union of effort, with whatever differences of opinion, than to have the same differences and a division of effort which enfeebles the whole and leaves the impression among the people whom we would convert that there is no common standing-ground among Christians!

"There was and is [*is* there?] ample reason for the Unitarian and Universalist churches in America, where they had a different historical development; but it is a serious question whether there is ample reason for us to go about it deliberately to plant the two churches side by side in a new country. I do not know if my opinions are shared by even one Unitarian minister or one other Universalist minister; but the conviction grows upon me that, if we had sufficient grace of God in our hearts and sufficient business sense in our heads, we should at least try to join hands and use our combined means and working forces to plant *one strong* church in this empire which should be a credit to us all.

"But now let no one who may happen to think such a plan unfeasible or undesirable

be alarmed. No one has even so much as hinted at such a proposition. Our mission force was not sent to Japan with instructions to this end. We were sent here with instructions to plant the faith of the Universalist church in the hearts of the Japanese people. To this end we are working with tireless energy, and are encouraged by some signs of success. And, besides, it is more than likely that union could not be made to order, no matter how many people should be agreed. Such results are attained only by growth. Those who think it desirable can do little more than remove artificial barriers.

"I only suggest that, if—and if—and if—and if,—then a union of forces, an economy of money and labor, is a consummation devoutly to be desired."

What are these "if—and if—and if" that would open the door to this most desirable consummation? They are such wisdom and grace on the part of each of our liberal denominations as would enable us to prefer the large to the small, the Christian to the sectarian, the deep things we have in common to the superficial things that now keep us apart.

This word that comes to us from Dr. Perin applies to more than Japan. If we are not greatly mistaken, it is a solemn message from God to liberal Christianity in America. It has been written, "A little child shall lead them." Is the far-away Japan mission the little child that is to lead the Unitarians and Universalists of the United States to see the wastefulness and wrong, not only of introducing their sectarian differences into Japan, but of maintaining them at home?

Here in America we have two denominations to do the work of one. We are at the expense of maintaining two sets of denominational machinery, from national organizations down. We have two sets of theological schools and other educational institutions, neither set half endowed. We have two sets of periodicals, both crippled for means to pay writers, and consequently neither one-half as strong or useful as it might be. In many places where there are liberal Christians enough to form one and only one strong and efficient church, we cling to our narrow sectarianism, and insist on two churches,—a Unitarian and a Universalist,—each of which is doomed to drag out a precarious and well-nigh useless existence. In our local conferences and conventions we insist on each going our different way, and thus we have gatherings that are small and discouraging, when they might be twice as large and far more than twice as influential and inspiring. Our Unitarian Sunday-school literature goes to Unitarians, and stops there; our Universalist Sunday-school literature goes to Universalists, and stops there. Why do we not all have the benefit of it all?

And now we are setting out to carry the same scheme of division, weakness, and wastefulness into the foreign mission field.

Is it not time for somebody to call a halt? Has Dr. Perin spoken out any too soon?

Is there anything more important before either denomination than this great question of how we can bring into closer fraternization and more practical co-operation the two great branches of our liberal Christian household?

Nor should it be overlooked that, as soon as Universalists and Unitarians get together, there will be a third company also to come. The independent liberal churches of the country—a growing number—earnestly desire a religious fellowship. So long as Universalists and Unitarians stand apart, they hesitate to come to either. But let us draw together into practical unity, not necessarily of name, but of hearty co-operation, and these independent churches will be only too glad to cast in their lot with us. This was conclusively proved by the effort made in Chicago a year ago to draw all together into a Liberal Christian Alliance.

Here is a matter that should come before our National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga. Nothing announced for consideration there is of so great importance. The general thought of a closer union among liberal Christians has been in the minds of individuals a long time,—individual Unitarians as well as individual Universalists and Independents. It is time for the Unitarian and Universalist bodies as such to take hold of it.

Nobody contemplates or wishes anything precipitate. But there is no time to be lost. In Japan matters press. Shall we have there three liberal theological schools or one? Shall we have three periodicals or

one? Shall we put into operation there the machinery of three different liberal Christian sects? These questions ask for an answer; and an answer of some kind must be given without much delay. Of course, the Unitarian body in America must take its share in shaping that answer, as must the Universalist body. It will be two years before our National Conference will meet again. As the most immediately pressing matter is the Japan mission, should not the Conference give expression at its coming meeting in Saratoga to the wish of American Unitarians to co-operate in all ways in their power with the two other liberal Christian bodies represented in that country?

Still more, should not the Conference utter a distinct voice in favor of closer fraternization and co-operation between all liberal Christians in this country, especially between Universalists and Unitarians, and appoint a strong committee to consult with our Universalist brethren, and perhaps others, regarding the matter?

Finally, as for ourselves, we should be glad if the Conference saw fit to vote instructing its Council, in place of the regular meeting of the Conference in two years, to endeavor to arrange for a General Liberal Christian Convention, international in its scope, to be held at that time in Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair. We are fully convinced that there should be such a convention. If we are right, is it not high time to begin making plans? And is not the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches the organization from which the initiative should come?

J. T. S.

## *SALT LAKE CITY.*

"Beautiful for situation is Zion," was my exclamation as I looked for the first time upon the circle of mountains that enclose this valley of the Great Salt Lake in the early dawn of the morning after my arrival last January. The valley is from fifteen to twenty miles wide, and some fifty miles of its length are visible from the sloping bench or tableland upon which the city is built. Behind us the mountains rise up directly, not to snowy summits in summer, but to picturesquely rounded points and ridges, green now to the very top, treeless, and in places craggy; and before us smiles the valley; and the blue hem to the north-west against the darker blue mountain wall is the great lake. The city is on the eastern side of the valley, and the land on which it is built slopes toward the west and north and south. A very narrow valley or cañon opens just back of the city, and through it comes City Creek, from which our water supply is chiefly derived. The city is about as large as Boston, territorially considered; for, when the Saints arrived here in 1848, they each took a whole block in the new city, and they left the streets too wide for talking across. Each block contains ten acres, and so we have to walk only about six blocks to count a mile. On each side of these great streets is an irrigation ditch, flowing with pure cold water. In the centre is generally a line of telegraph poles, carrying the wires for the electric cars that are run on each side of the centre. This electric centre to the street gives it the appearance of two streets with a double track railroad between them. Beside the streams of water there is always a line of trees, and often two lines, so that the city seen from the hill-tops now looks like a great forest.

There are fifty-five thousand people here, more than half Mormons, or of Mormon parentage or apostates. The influx of Gentiles for the last few years has been great, and the improvements tending to modernize the city have gone forward rapidly; and yet the eye of the stranger catches something at every turn to remind him that he is in Zion, the city of the Saints. The stranger distinguishes the Mormon of either sex at a glance, and the Mormon infallibly knows the Gentile; and only a small proportion of all that we meet are indistinguishable.

Many of the houses are of adobe bricks. The rest, with few exceptions, are of burned bricks, as lumber has always been very expensive here. The adobe houses are often plastered on the outside, and painted or whitewashed, so that they present a very neat appearance. The intended centre of the city is the temple block, where the great temple rears its white granite walls with the proportions of a European cathedral and the beauty of a Chicago grain elevator. Each way from this block the streets are numbered and named, First East, Second

East, Third East, and so on for each cardinal point,—a scheme which entices some minds at first by its apparent simplicity, but which in practice causes such perplexity, confusion and vexation that I think the recording angel has long since ceased to note what people say when they are disappointed in getting to the place they seek.

For example, a friend will tell you that Mr. Smith lives at 435 East 9th South. You go there, and find a park or a vacant lot filled with docks and sunflowers, and return to be informed that he meant 435 South 9th East. But the people here are patient and good-natured, and they are willing to direct the stranger a great many times if he needs it, as he generally does; and they are mostly firm in the faith that they have hit upon the ideal system of street naming and numbering.

Our cause here has been prosperous, even popular, from the very first. Mr. Eliot preached to about three hundred people the first meeting, and we have seldom had less since and generally a greater number. We have paid all our bills so far; and, though the times are hard, we expect to be self-supporting from this time forward. We have met now for six months in the Salt Lake Theatre, a theatre built by President Brigham Young many years ago. It is quite large, and is well arranged and seated, and is the only theatre in the city. We have with us a large number of persons who have been Mormons, or whose people are or have been Mormons, many of them people of influence and the highest standing in the community. No orthodox church has ever attracted this class as ours does; and now that it is done the wonder is that we never thought of it before. All the churches have had high hopes, at times, of "converting the Mormons"; but the results have been almost as meagre as have followed similar efforts at converting the Jews. The reasons for this are straightforward and easily seen and comprehended by an outsider. The Mormons are a sincere people, and build their faith upon the Bible as a whole more simply and completely and literally than any other church ever dreamed of doing. They take it all, Old Testament as well as the New, and try to live up to it in all particulars. They believe in miracles and revelations through dreams and visions, not simply in the days of Christ and the prophets, but as among the true people of God in all ages. They heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, and speak with tongues now, just as Jesus and his disciples did. At least this is what they believe is done now, and they point to their miracles as showing that they only fulfil the word of Jesus,—"These signs shall follow them that believe." They do not strain the interpretation of any scripture: they take all literally; and, if any prophecy seems unfulfilled, they either have fulfilled it or will as soon as they can get round to it. The Bible seemed not to recognize America, and so Joseph Smith found the American part, showing how this continent was peopled, and how Christ was prophesied of here before he came, and how he came here as well as in Asia. Even the Garden of Eden is located as in Jackson County in Missouri. Such a system is sure to be outgrown by the intelligent and educated; but, as they let go of it, all belief in miracles and in special inspiration or revelation is sure to go, too. Natural Religion, Theism, Christianity as a result of natural evolution, may have some attractions; but never again can anything be "proved" from the Bible or come to them as of any special divine authority. It is "Mormonism or nothing," they say as long as they try to hold on to it; and then their feeling is that the Mormon Church is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the religion of the Book. And so, in increasing numbers, they come to us, and will come as the schools improve and the masses become better educated.

And yet we labor under many disadvantages, especially in trying to conduct a Sunday-school. There are so few who can be persuaded to even try to be teachers, and yet for every teacher we could form a class up to a large number at least. Our theatre, admirably arranged for speaking and hearing, is not adapted to the needs of a Sunday-school; and yet it is the best we can do. My Bible class is large and interesting, from forty to sixty. We have no Sunday-school library and no money to get books, and no place to keep them if we had them. And yet what an opportunity to do good by circulating good books is here! I never saw anything like it. A free library here with ten thousand good books would be used as

hardly any other city of this size would use it, and not anywhere would it be used by people so hungry. The joy of my work here amid its perplexities and difficulties is the eager reception that is given to every word printed or spoken that I have to give.

DAVID UTTER.

Aug. 14, 1891.

## *HERESY IN THE PEWS.*

A Presbyterian gentleman said to me the other day in all sincerity that "nobody believes the Westminster Confession," but that "it ought not to be revised or disturbed in any way, because the Presbyterian Church is founded upon it." I quote his exact words, though I don't think he meant exactly what he said, but he thought he meant it; and his position in this matter is by no means exceptional. Yet people who take that ground habitually wonder at and deplore what they call the irreligious tendencies of the present age, and they seem somehow unconscious of the fact that they are doing all they can to make religion a mere amiable and pious fiction, an outgrown fairy tale. Are they not the real heretics and the only heretics in the Church to-day? Are they not guilty of the most solemn and dangerous kind of trifling with the Christian gospel? The lingering superstition and intolerance still to be found in many churches are bad enough; but these things are not doing one-tenth of the injury to the cause of religion that is daily being done by that formal insincerity of well-meaning people who hold one doctrine in their worship and another in their lives, one doctrine in the sanctuary and another in the street, one doctrine as members in good standing of some evangelical church, but an entirely different doctrine as loving, thinking, trusting members of God's great human family.

All men are talking of the heretic who stands in the pulpit: of him who sits in the pew but little has yet been said. He is a good man, and he means to be honest; but is he not in a false position? He loves his brother man, he worships God in spirit; but does he worship him in truth? He delights in charity, in tolerance, and in liberalism—so long as it can be made to pass for orthodoxy; but as a Christian has he no duty regarding honesty and truth? I should be glad if I could in any way help some people to see the great wrong which they are unintentionally doing, not to themselves only, not only to their fellow-men, but to the Christian religion itself which I know they dearly love, by professing or even seeming to profess as members of a Christian church what as thoughtful men and women they cannot and will not pretend to actually believe. By so doing, are they not publicly making a mockery of Christian faith? And are they not making themselves largely responsible for the irreligion and scepticism of the present day? No man is to blame in this age because he cannot decide at once what is true; but any man, most of all he who calls himself a Christian, is to blame if he will not decide for himself what is honest.

HOBART CLARKE.

Plainfield, N.J.

## *FATHER TAYLOR.*

About the time that Mr. Emerson's view of the communion services made such a sensation I was walking home with Father Taylor, when a Methodist leader on his other side was telling Taylor some awful story of Unitarian innovations. "Brother," said my friend, "I know these Unitarians better than you, and all the good they are doing at the North End. Now, if the tree is good and the fruit good, why should we quarrel because the bark is a little bitter?" The man was silenced effectually: it was a good sermon on the text, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

At a time when his throat was inflamed he charged me to pull his coat when he had preached an hour; but, when I obeyed orders with my utmost vigor, it was only to draw this reply: "Brother, I cannot put into port. The open sea invites me on: the seven spirits before the throne fill my sails."

Another Sunday, when a sailor's elbow projecting over the side of the pew hindered a much beflounced lady from making much headway, "Messmate," said Taylor, "take in your jib-boom and let that frigate sail by."

A curious story of his last hours is that, when some of his friends tried to cheer the dying man by reminding him of the angels he would soon meet, he replied that he did not want any other or better angels than he had known here.

F. W. H.

## *UNITARIANISM.*

Religion is older than Christianity and greater than any organized *form* of religion. As Unitarians, we do not claim that our Church, nor do we believe that any Church, holds all truth. We stand for that which has been given to us, and hold that fidelity to that is our first duty. The Christianity of which we claim to be a part may be said to begin with the sublime doctrine of the one God associated in history with Abraham and the patriarchs. It was developed by Moses and the law-givers, received a more spiritual interpretation from Isaiah and the prophets, and was enriched by contributions of Oriental wisdom and the learning of Greece and Rome. By Jesus and the apostles it was enlarged beyond the bounds of any church or nation, and was fitted for the acceptance of the world. Since the first Christian century it has been sometimes hidden under creeds and forms of exclusive churches, but always, as the assertion of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, it has existed in all the churches, even the most intolerant and exclusive, and now at last comes into clear light as a spirit and a life, the light of the world and the hope of man. Temporarily, the Unitarian Church accepts the duty of declaring this world gospel as a denomination, in the hope that at last all Christian churches will see the wickedness and folly of attempting to monopolize the gifts of God, and will unite in the spirit of their great Leader for the worship of God and the service of man.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

Lowell, Mass.

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## *ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.*

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### SUNDAY.

*Love Universal.*

God scatters love on every side
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'erroof infinity!

### MONDAY.

*The Crisis.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude makes virtue of the faith they had denied.

### TUESDAY.

*Truth Universal.*

God sends his teachers into every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;

Else never had the eager soul which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.

For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit, so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspiration suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.

WEDNESDAY.

*True Life.*

Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

Love is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own;
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone.

Hope is truth: the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day.

THURSDAY.

*A Parable.*

Worn and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:—

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet;
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in eld sublime;
Humbleness and love and patience
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart.

"In her hand she held a flower
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me."

FRIDAY.

*A Sonnet.*

"For true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
Thou findst it not? I pray thee look again,
Look *inward* through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
*Be noble!* and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

SATURDAY.

*Philanthropy.*

He's true to God who's true to man: wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul o'er all the world leaps one electric thrill.

'Tis ours to save our brethren with peace and love, to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin;
But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,
Erelong the great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

## *CREED SQUEEZING.*

In the periodic eruptions of heresy from the old volcanic craters of Orthodoxy, the creeds are slowly getting buried out of sight.

To the average on-looker of any religious belief, who appreciates intellectual progress, this is eminently satisfactory. But the few to whom the elaborate inexplicabilities of creed utterance are sweet much deplore the obliterating process. As they cannot, however, extricate their favorite dogmas from the steady pressure of modern criticism, they busy themselves in endeavoring to save the juice.

The latest effort of this kind is that of Mr. Spurgeon *et al.*, who publish what may be called an extract of creed. For any one desiring to familiarize himself with the creed taste, we know of no preparation that better preserves the genuine flavor. It is as follows:—

We, the undersigned, banded together in fraternal union, observing with growing pain and sorrow the loosening hold of many upon the truths of revelation, are constrained to avow our firmest belief in the verbal inspiration of all Holy Scripture as originally given. To us the Bible does not merely contain the Word of God, but it is the Word of God. From beginning to end we accept it, believe it, and continue to preach it. To us the Old Testament is no less inspired than the New. The Book is an organic whole. Reverence for the New Testament, accompanied by scepticism as to the Old, appears to us absurd. The two must stand or fall together. We accept Christ's own verdict concerning "Moses and all the prophets" in preference to any of the supposed discoveries of so-called higher criticism.

We hold and maintain the truths generally known as "the doctrines of grace." The Electing Love of God the Father, the Propitiatory and Substitutionary Sacrifice of his Son, Jesus Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness, the Justification of the sinner (once for all) by faith, his walk in newness of life and growth in grace by the active indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the Priestly Intercession of our Lord Jesus, as also the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Saviour, according to the words of the Lord in Matthew xxv. 46, "These shall go away into eternal punishment," are, in our judgment, revealed and fundamental truths. Our hope is the Personal Pre-millennial Return of the Lord Jesus in glory.

## *EDITORIAL NOTES.*

Announcement is made on another page of the great Unitarian event of the season,—the meeting of our National Conference, at Saratoga, from the 21st to the 24th of the present month. The summons once more to the old place, where so many inspiring meetings of the Conference have been held, will be to many a pleasant one. We trust the representation of our churches will be large, and the spirit earnest. In most parts of the country our churches are few and widely separated. All the more important, therefore, are these national gatherings which bring great multitudes together, and give an opportunity for lonely workers to meet other workers, and to gain a sense of comradeship, and that inspiration that comes from numbers. Liberal Christianity has an immensely important work to do in these United States. May the Conference help us all to realize this as never before!

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It seems likely that our missions in Japan will thrust upon the Unitarian and Universalist bodies in this country some larger and more important questions than we had dreamed. In the article on another page entitled "A Most Significant Word from Japan" we indicate briefly what some of these questions are.

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A meeting of some forty leading Unitarian ministers and laymen was held in Boston last May, during Anniversary Week, to consider the general subject of Unitarian periodicals. It seems probable that the *Unitarian Review* will not be continued longer than through the present year. The limited circulation which it is able to secure does not seem, to some of the Directors of the American Unitarian Association, to warrant a continued appropriation of $3,000 a year,—the sum which it has been found necessary for some years past to appropriate, to carry on the *Review* in its present form.

Ought we to have something else in the place of the *Review?* and, if so, what? These were the questions before the meeting. Rev. J. H. Crooker proposed a plan for a theological *Quarterly*, to be international and, to some extent, interdenominational in its character. The plan met with considerable favor. There seems to be little room

for doubt that a high-class review, to be the exponent of the advanced and more independent religious scholarship of the time, is a real need. The question is, how to raise the money necessary to insure its success. Of course, changing from a monthly to a quarterly would greatly lessen the expense, and making the publication interdenominational and international would much enlarge its constituency. Have we not men or women of means among us who would be glad to establish and endow such a high-class quarterly? The subject may come up for further consideration at Saratoga.

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The missionary spirit is undoubtedly growing in the Unitarian body. But there is still room for improvement. If our liberal faith is good for ourselves and our children, it will be good for others, and we ought to help them to get it. Mr. Savage well says: "The two or three great religions of the world that are of any historic significance have been missionary religions. The people believed so thoroughly that they had the truth that the world needed that they felt impelled not simply to live it out at home, but to bestow it as broadly and freely as the sunshine or the rain. So one of two things must be true,—either Unitarianism is worth giving to other people or it is not worth keeping ourselves. If it be God's truth,—and, if it be not, let us surrender it, —then we are under the highest obligations to do what we can to give it to all mankind."

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Of the fundamental faiths of Unitarianism, "one God whose nature is goodness and love, the oneness of man with God, and, therefore, the immortality of the soul, and the final triumph of good over evil in the universe," Rev. Stopford Brooke says, "These are *not dogmas:* they are the *eternal truths*, about which dogmas are made."

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That is an inspiring fact which Mrs. Sutherland Orr tells us in her recently published Life of Browning, that the great poet took up the study of Hebrew and Spanish after he had passed his seventieth year. And why not? He is the wisest soul who most defies age. See what Gladstone is doing at past eighty. And Martineau, since he was eighty, has given the world the greatest books of his life.

Are there not signs of a closer and more rigid drawing of theological lines in the orthodox bodies? The action of the Presbyterians regarding Dr. Briggs, and of the Episcopalians regarding Mr. MacQueary and Dr. Newton, and the persistent effort made to keep Phillips Brooks out of the bishop's office seem to indicate as much. The declarations uttered in the recent International Congregational Council in London, to the effect that Unitarians are not to be fellowshipped, and the refusal of the Methodists and Presbyterians in Saratoga to allow us to use their churches for our coming Conference, seem to point in the same direction. Nor is all this strange. With liberal thought creeping into the orthodox folds everywhere, it is not to be wondered at if the shepherds begin to wake up, mend the gates, stop the cracks, and strengthen the crumbling walls. We sometimes flatter ourselves that the age of theological controversy is past, and, therefore, that Unitarianism has no further controversial work to do. On the contrary, the signs seem to indicate that the profoundest possible theological controversies are coming to the whole religious world,—controversies that no church can escape, least of all one that is in the van of thought, as ours is.

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And, after all, is controversy the thing most to be feared in the religious world? Is it not better than superstition? Is it not better than indifference? Have not the ages of religious progress and reform always been ages of controversy? We cannot escape controversy except by abandoning our place in the advancing army of truth. The army has fighting to do,—nothing is more certain than that. We must either participate or desert. If we are not cowards and traitors, we shall keep the post where God has put us. It is only by the grappling of truth with error that error is overcome. Let controversy be lifted up out of all bitterness and unfairness on to the plane of candor, let its aim be not personal victory, but the advancement of truth, and the evil passes away.

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Recreation that fascinates and demoralizes and makes regular work irksome is bad. Recreation that rests and sends one back to his work with renewed strength and ardor is good. We trust it is the latter that has come to our ministers and other workers as

the result of the closing of churches and the suspension of religious activities of the past two months. We have had our rest and healthful diversion. Now for a year of glad and earnest labor,—labor with all our strength and with our whole hearts in it!

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Now is the time when plans for church work must be made. The strong minister and the efficient church make plans and carry them out, and do little drifting. As another year of activity confronts us, plans are to be formed and set on foot for the Sunday-school, for the Bible classes, for the Women's Auxiliary, for the Unity Club, for the Guild, for the King's Daughters or Lend a Hand society, for evening services, for missionary preaching, systematic tract and literature distribution, for temperance work, for philanthropic and charitable work, for the social life of the parish, for home finances, for denominational finances. In this work of planning, two or three things may to advantage be borne in mind. One is, to be sure and *do* it. A other is, to do it promptly, courageously, nd without apology. Another is not to expect perfection, but to remember that a poor plan well carried out is far better than no plan. Still further, it is well to remember that one of the best ways to get persons to help you work is to get them to help you make your plans for work.

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## *TEMPERANCE NOTES.*

The regular business meeting of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society will be held at Saratoga in connection wtih the National Conference. The business will consist of reports, the election of officers, and the consideration of amendments to the constitution offered two years ago. The principal one relates to membership, and provides for an individual membership in addition to that of branch societies in churches. It is also proposed to omit the word "church" in the name of the society, calling it simply "The Unitarian Temperance Society."

Either we must abridge and break down the liquor business, or it will ruin and destroy us in body and soul, in home and State. There is but one solution of the problem that promises any safety to ourselves and our homes. The liquor business must be made disreputable, it must be made unprofitable, and, lastly, it must be made impossible. The first step has already been taken, when, in California, the saloon business, especially, is recognized as a dishonorable, a disgraceful occupation. The very man who patronizes the open bar despises the man who serves him behind it. The second step has been taken in many communities and even States of our Union, which have so heavily taxed and so restricted the saloon as to make it unprofitable, and drive most, if not all, saloon-keepers out of the business. Some day, and soon, too, we shall pursue this course in California. Ultimately, the last step will be taken, and the saloon will be made impossible either by a high taxation that breaks it down or by its absolute prohibition. This step, also, has been taken by many communities and States, and their number is daily increasing.—*Rev. Charles W. Wendte.*

### DON'T SEND MY BOY WHERE YOUR GIRL CAN'T GO.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please do not tell him so.
This world's old lie is a boy's worst foe.

Don't allow him to go into places of sin,
And then to your hearts and homes take him in,
Saying: "Oh, for a boy there is nothing to fear,
And it don't matter much if he does drink beer.
He will stop by and by,—it was always so,—
All men and boys have wild oats to sow."

You tell them this, and they think it is so,
Not foreseeing that, sown, those seeds will grow.
To them the harvest is hidden from view,
Until, too late, the sowing they rue;
For, at last, their horror-struck souls will see
What the outcome of sowing wild oats must be.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,—
For a boy or a girl sin is sin, you know;
And my baby-boy's hands are as clean and white
And his heart is as pure as your girl's to-night.

Drunkenness is a disease in America with the proportions of a pestilence. The method of socialism is to send the constable to close the saloon: the method of Christianity is to send the teacher and the preacher to make the man strong enough to control his own appetite. I am not here discussing which of these methods is the better; and what I have said above I repeat,—that they are not mutually exclusive. It is legitimate, however, even if hardly necessary, to say that I have more faith in education than in

the Force Bill, in the methods of John B. Gough than in those of Neal Dow.—*Lyman Abbott, in the Arena.*

Omaha's saloons and houses of prostitution pay immense sums yearly to Omaha's school fund. But is the cause of education promoted thereby? A suggestive answer is found in the fact that the total enrolment of school children is only about one-half of the school population, and the average daily attendance is only about one-third the total school population. Thus does vice promote virtue, and blood money educate innocence! *The Voice.*

The *Union Signal* for February 12 contains an address of Abraham Lincoln before a Springfield temperance society, delivered on the 22d of February, 1842, said to be his first address. It is prophetic of things to come: "And when the victory shall be complete,—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth,—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species."—*Unity.*

C. R. Eliot.

## *GUILD DEPARTMENT.*

### OUR UNDISCOVERED SELVES.

*Abstract of Paper given before Young People's Guild of Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

What mother, looking at the helpless little being given to her care, has not pondered long and earnestly on the wonderful mystery of its development? The aimless movement of the tiny hand, as yet uncontrolled by the *will*, gives no definite promise of the future. The eye tells no story of emotions: it only speaks the placidity of the unawakened. The tender lips move not in communion of human speech: they utter only the unconscious wail of physical discomfort. And yet the mother knows—she feels as no one else—the infinite possibility of that physical and mental life. She wonders if the tiny hand will grow in brawn and muscle to grapple with the practical realities of life. Perhaps it may be trained to sweep the chords of poesy and song for the elevation of his fellow-men. Will love and intelligence speak from the kindling eye or sodden brutality darken the "windows of the soul"? Are the feet destined to walk along the upland way or the martyr's road, the lips to utter only sighs and groans or swell the anthem of immortality? The thoughtful tremble at the responsibility resting upon them.

We have learned something of what physical training will do for the body. America is waking to needs in this direction. Manual training is assuming an importance unrecognized twenty-five years ago. A symmetrically developed mind cannot coexist with physical malformation. In a race or nation healthy minds mean healthy bodies, and the reverse is true. We are as yet only placing our feet in the right direction. When I see the care taken of little children, the intelligent and thoughtful consideration given to their food and clothing, though I feel that much more remains to learn and do, I am sure we are moving in the direction of a more perfect manhood and womanhood. In the matter of intellectual cultivation are we also in the right way? A grave question, with as many answers as communities. I am inclined to think we have overrated the educational influence from books alone, especially with our girls. With boys other factors have come in to lessen the dangers attending a life wholly given to study.

Yet I glory in the educational advantages our girls have to-day; and I would give to every boy or girl, rich or poor, to whom it would be a *true educator*, a developer of power, a collegiate course; and I would withhold it from the boy or girl, however circumstanced, to whom it would not be all this. For many, a practical business is the best educator. It does not seem wise to attempt to fashion all children to the same pattern. Some will be misfits if we attempt it. Light thrown on one point reflects to others; and I hope this from manual and all physical training,—that, when one has learned to balance his physical powers, he will instinctively adjust his mental gifts.

If, then, grave problems meet us on every side in these more tangible matters in life, who shall wonder that we fail to comprehend our spiritual natures? Our inner selves are to us almost an undiscovered land. There are no delusions so complete as those we cherish concerning ourselves, no eyes so blinded as those turned in upon our own motives, nothing so little understood by us as the mainspring of our own actions. This has its cheering as well as its depressing side. The words of Jesus apply to us all,—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It is true we do not and cannot realize the remote results of our commonest acts: even the smallest sin of omission may entail disaster. Yet I believe we often see these failings, weaknesses, sins of ours, far more readily than we see and admit our good deeds and tendencies. We need to hear what Jesus by *his life* is constantly saying,—Father, forgive them; for they know not how much of thee is in them. We are weak of faith: we cannot believe in our God-given inheritance. Men go on, day in and day out, "till years make up the sum of life," grieving for sins that are perhaps not violations of God's laws at all, but simply offences against the customs of men. We are so surrounded by these conventionalities of thought that have grown out of some need, perhaps no longer

existing, that we approve and condemn our own and others' lives by them heedlessly. Does not Jesus warn us when he says, "Judge not that ye be not judged"? Judge not even yourselves by laws which may be false or which you imperfectly comprehend. If you are trying to live worthily, have faith in your Father. Leave judgment to the Power that alone sees and knows all. The Power which made your life a resultant of many inherited traits, the Power which has perhaps placed your life in contact with some other life seemingly at variance in purpose, will judge you by other standards than it is possible for you to use for yourself. Two divergent souls chained together by circumstance have in life no opportunity to see each other in perspective. So situated, daily intercourse means the friction which wears the character, as do the wave-beats the rocky coast of our New England. The end finds them scarred and seamed with the struggle to maintain integrity of purpose. Such being our lot, if, like the bluff, we have by God's grace withstood the inroads of life's struggle, so much the better for the sandy beach beyond, the weaker ones we may have unconsciously defended. To the eye which sees the life as a whole, it is grander and of stronger beauty for the warfare; more lovely, also, if perchance the tide has brought to it the various germs of sea life which may lodge in its fissures, the pimpernel and mosses to beautify and glorify its very ruggedness. And we are to remember that of that other life which seems to dwarf our own we may not judge. If one life varies from the right, so surely does the other. No human life can be a standard for any other. I sometimes think we may not be so responsible for the outcome of our individual lives as we are inclined to think. An infinite, beneficent Intelligence must govern in a way far, far beyond the power of our littleness to know. The great schemes of God are not to be comprehended by finite man. So that, even if we could shape our lives, unhindered, in accordance with our highest ideal, should we not at last in the Divine Light find our highest too low? Believe, therefore, that "your Father knoweth what things ye have need of"; that, although "it doth not yet appear what ye shall be," it will be fairer and better for all men than we can dream.

MARY CLARKE SMITH.

At the last annual meeting of the National Guild Alliance there was a suggestion made in regard to having a paper published in the interest of guilds in general. Already individual societies have published monthlies. Since the anniversary there has been the further suggestion that a paper in the interest of young people's movements in the church might be more feasibly started and carried on. A committee of the Alliance will soon be called to consider the matter.

At the Wednesday morning meeting at Weirs, July 29, Miss Brown spoke in regard to religious culture for young people, and, we understand, gave some share of her remarks to guilds.

Mr. Fenn makes the suggestion, which surely could be carried out in many places, as soon as the guilds become numerous enough, that they should start Sunday-school services, and follow these in time with church services in sections where no liberal preaching had been heard.

We are glad to learn that our movement will get recognition at the National Conference along with the Sunday School Society, Unity Clubs, and the temperance work, as in general forming one feature of young people's work. Rev. E. A. Horton will have charge of a meeting for this purpose.

B. R. BULKELEY, *President.*

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## *UNIVERSALIST NOTES.*

### CHARLES ROBINSON.

The sunshine of midsummer has been clouded to many of us by the tidings that Charles Robinson was dead. And there are sure to be as many to whom these words will come in Unitarian circles who have known his worth and will feel his loss. He was a man of more than common strength, integrity, and moral worth. Sprung from the best Massachusetts stock, out of a stanch old Middlesex family, he exhibited in his whole life the best traits of our American life. He was a man of the largest practical wisdom, yet tender and susceptible to the finest things in life. He had a faith in divine realities far above the narrow definitions of the sects; yet he gave his sympathy and support to the church with which his sympathies and associations fell with unstinted liberality. He was the friend and trusted adviser of some of our foremost clergymen and laymen, and one of a little group in Boston to whose wise foresight and prudent devisings our church owes some of her stablest institutions. Especially did he give to Tufts College his warmest support, and he was ever counted among the wisest and most helpful of its counsellors. Thank God for such men, and especially for their works which follow them!

### LONG PASTORATES.

The recent observance at Minneapolis of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Tuttle's settlement as pastor was an occasion of rare interest to our whole church. No man ever deserved the praise and honor bestowed upon him more thoroughly than Dr. Tuttle's and no pastor among us has done a more exemplary work than he. The witnesses to his devoted and fruitful pastorate were present in force, and spoke with no uncertain voices. It was interesting to note how

much of this testimony would probably have been unavailable but for the length of time which Dr. Tuttle had dwelt in the city of his choice, and the opportunity which had thus been given to his fellow-citizens as well as to his parishioners to become well acquainted with him and with his work. That slow-growing plant called "confidence" had had plenty of time in which to ripen to a glorious and abundant harvest. If this noble minister had done the same work in just as faithful a way in four cities instead of one, that same quarter-century would not, because it could not, have yielded any such splendid return of appreciation and of trust. That rolling stone, an uneasy and roving minister, gathers but little of the moss of power and influence which attaches to him who rests long in a place. It takes time to establish one's self in any community. The higher the character of the community, the longer the time which must be allowed for the man to be known, proved. trusted, and followed. Of course, the man may be of the sort whose reputation could not survive the strain of a long settlement. That may be the true reason why there are so few which outlast a half-dozen years. But it is hard to believe that our ministry is so poorly endowed with grace or our laity so exacting and impatient that, with proper ideals of the true pastorate, the average term might not be vastly lengthened, and a far larger proportion of ministers celebrate their silver wedding with their churches. It cannot be but that a reaction will soon occur, and with it more permanent and satisfactory results in the churches.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

## *LITERARY NOTES.*

Our readers will be glad that we have selected our "Upward Looks" this month from James Russell Lowell.

The last work that Mr. Lowell did, so far as is known, was an introduction to an edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," which Little & Brown are to publish in October.

We print in this number of the *Unitarian* the first of a series of three articles by Rev. Charles L. Waite of Brunswick, Me., on "Universalism: Its History, Doctrines, Condition, and Prospects." Every one not thoroughly acquainted with our sister denomination should read these excellent articles. Many will be astonished to find how nearly parallel with our own has been its history and how exactly identical with our own is its doctrinal position to-day.

Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Eng., who is to preach the opening sermon of the Saratoga Conference, is well known to some of our readers. He is one of our leading English ministers, and was the editor of the *Modern Review* during the three or four years of its history. To such as may not have formed his acquaintance we are glad to introduce him through the article from his pen printed in this number of the *Unitarian*.

A small Unitarian Hymn-book in the Khasi language of India, containing ninety hymns, besides some brief services and prayers, is being printed at Ann Arbor, under the supervision of Mr. Sunderland. The book is for the use of the little band of Unitarians gathered by Mr. Hajom Kissor Singh of Jowai, Assam, letters from whom have been printed from time to time in the *Unitarian*. The money to defray the expense of the publication is being raised by the Women's Auxiliaries of Waterville and other places in Maine, through the exertions of Miss Helen N. Bates of Waterville.

Edward Everett Hale and Lucretia P. Hale are writing a new novel, entitled "Harry and Lucy," which is appearing serially in the Boston *Commonwealth*. It is a story of Boston life to-day.

"Ethics for Young People" is the title of a new book by Prof. C. C. Everett, just published by Ginn & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. announce "The Faith Doctor," a new novel by Edward Eggleston.

The Universalist Publishing House will issue this month a volume of sermons by Dr. Tuttle of Minneapolis, Minn. The book will also contain a historical sketch of Universalism in Minneapolis, written by Dr. Tuttle, to whom its remarkable growth has been so largely due, together with a portrait of Dr. Tuttle, and tributes to his worth and work by several friends.

The Hibbert Trust course of lectures delivered this year in London and Oxford was given by Count Goblet d'Alviella, in French. His subject was "The History of the Religious Conception of God." They are being translated into English by Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, and are to be published this autumn.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces the discovery of two unpublished manuscripts by Carlyle,—an account of a trip to Paris in 1851, and an unfinished novel entitled "Wotton Reinfred."

It is very pleasant to note the announcement that the Grolier Club intend to publish the charming and characteristic address of Mr. George William Curtis on Washington Irving during the coming autumn. Mr. Curtis has revised and somewhat expanded his address, which will be published in octavo form on paper specially made for the purpose, with one or two portraits, and, possibly, other illustrations.

A monument to Mrs. Browning is to be erected at Ledbury, in Hereford, where she

spent much of her childhood. It will probably take the shape of a clock tower in brick and stone, with a bronze bust in a niche below the clock, and a quotation from "Aurora Leigh" and some other suitable inscription.

Mr. Amos K. Fiske, author of "Midnight Talks at the Club," has written another book, which will be immediately brought out by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. It is entitled "Beyond the Bourne: Reports by a Traveller returned from the Undiscovered Country."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue soon Mr. John Fiske's work on "The Discovery and Spanish Conquest of America."

A monthly entitled *University Extension*, devoted, as its name indicates, to the promotion of the University Extension movement, has been established in Philadelphia under the management of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. Subscription, three dollars a year.

The Onward Club of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco has begun the publication of a small monthly periodical to be called the *Guidon*, which is designed to represent that vigorous church and its many activities. The first number promises well. It is particularly full of news from our twenty-four Pacific Coast churches and mission stations.

The general meeting of the American Social Science Association for 1891 will be held in Saratoga September 1–4. The opening address will be given by Hon. Andrew D. White, LL.D., of Ithaca, N.Y. There will be about twenty papers upon important subjects connected with education, social economy, jurisprudence, and health, followed by discussions. Among the persons of eminence in their various departments who are to read papers are Dr. Walter Channing of Brookline, Mass., Dr. H. L. Wayland of Philadelphia, F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., William G. Talbot of Boston, Charlton T. Lewis of New York, Profs. Jenks of Cornell University and Bemis of Vanderbilt University.

"Comfortings" is the title of a little volume of very beautiful selections made by Rev. Judson Fisher, bearing upon such subjects as Fear of Death, Death a Transition, Death a Release, The Dead still live in their Works, Death of Children, The Future Life, Faith, and Trust. These choice extracts in prose and verse were gathered by Mr. Fisher for his own use at funerals; and, now that he has passed on to the higher life, friends have wished for their publication. They can hardly fail to be of use to other ministers, and also in many homes where bereavement has come. Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago are the publishers.

The New York *Literary Digest* quotes from the July *Unitarian* a very full summary of Mr. Chadwick's article on "Prof. Briggs from the Unitarian Point of View."

Harper & Brothers are soon to publish a Life of Gladstone, by G. W. E. Russell.

Rev. F. W. Hugenholtz of Grand Rapids, Mich., has changed his monthly periodical, *Stemmen*, into a weekly called *Zondagsblad*. Its price will be $1.50 a year. It is the only liberal Holland weekly published in America.

Here is Dr. Edward Everett Hale's own account—given to the San Francisco *Examiner*—of the way in which he came to write his famous story, "The Man without a Country":—

"This is the way I came to write about him. It was in 1863, when the country was torn by the Civil War. There was a very exciting election in one of the Middle States. A prominent politician became disgusted with the way affairs were going. He said some very hard things. 'I hate the United States,' he said. 'I wish there was no such country. I'm sorry I was born here.' The general in command of the Northern troops sent this emphatic gentleman out of the State. There was some excitement over the episode, and it gave me the idea of my story. I wanted to show what would become of a man who wished he had no country. I wrote the story for the *Atlantic*, and I did not want my name to appear. I wanted it to seem to be written by a navy officer. By some inadvertence my name was published, however, as the author. There was much discussion over the hero. Some said he was not dead. Some said his mother and sister were living. There were all sorts of denials and counter-denials. The fact is, there was no such man, though there was a Philip Nolan, whose life and adventures were well known in the South."

Rev. Henry C. Badger has written a pamphlet (printed by Geo. H. Ellis) entitled "Mr. Savage's Unitarian Catechism: Its Philosophy." It is the most radical and severe criticism of this catechism that we have seen. It is written in the interest of what the author regards as a deeper and more spiritual philosophy. It seems to us extravagant and one-sided, doing only imperfect justice to Mr. Savage's real thought; and yet we recognize in it a side of important truth. Its criticism of the sensational philosophy, to which Mr. Savage seems in part to adhere, we believe to be essentially just. Mr. Savage professes to build upon the basis of Herbert Spencer; but, in fact, he constructs a religious house much larger and better than will stand upon a Spencerian basis. This inconsistency in Mr. Savage might well have been brought out much more clearly than it is in the pamphlet. Indeed, the pamphlet does injustice to Mr.

Savage in not being willing to admit that his structure is larger or better than Spencerism. Mr. Badger criticises the catechism as making religion to rest too much on a basis of ratiocination, and not enough on simple faith, trust, love, conscience, spiritual insight, immediate consciousness of God. He also objects to its treatment of sin, pain, and sorrow as too superficial. On these points we think the criticism is true and needed. But, after making full allowance for all shortcomings, we still regard Mr. Savage's catechism as surprisingly good, —one of the most valuable pieces of work done in the denomination for years.

## *BIBLICAL NOTES.*

The *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for April 4, 1891, the organ of Profs. Harnack and Schürer, contains a review of Dr. Ezra Abbot's "Critical Essays" by the latter, which will be of special interest to the friends of this painstaking American scholar. Dr. Schürer praises the work of Mr. Abbot in the highest terms for its exact and exhaustive character; every student must take account of it. But, in treating of the problem of the Fourth Gospel, the reviewer holds that Mr. Abbot was too much under the influence of the "apologetic tendency," and that, while very thorough respecting details, he failed to exercise a clear historic insight in his discussion of the question.

*Andover Review.*—In the number for April, 1891, Prof. H. G. Mitchell, Boston University, discusses the meaning of Isaiah's prophecy respecting the child Immanuel, chapter vii. 14. Apologists have long used this as a prediction of Jesus. Prof. Mitchell takes the more rational view "that Isaiah's prophecy refers to the immediate future; that, therefore, if it was fulfilled in any proper sense, it must have been fulfilled toward the beginning of the reign of Ahaz." The article is very interesting, and encouraging, too; for it shows that a more wholesome spirit is beginning to prevail in Biblical study even in America. In the June number, 1891, Prof. Steenstra of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School considers the question, "Can there be no Davidic Psalms in the Psalter?" in a very calm and fair spirit, going over the negative arguments presented by Reuss and Kuenen. While freely admitting that little can be from David, he concludes that it is probable that he was a great poet and that some products of his genius have been preserved in the Psalter.

In the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for January, 1891, Dr. Claude G. Montefiore discusses in a long article of forty pages "Recent Criticism upon Moses." He assumes the truth of the new criticism: "Moses bore little, if any, share in the compilation of the five books which bear his name. . . . The religion of Moses has become purely a matter of inference." Dr. Montefiore's article treats chiefly of the origin of the Decalogue as explained by modern scholarship, and in places he takes issue with Kuenen, Wellhausen, and Stade. This essay, which shows the present tendency of Biblical science, is well worth a careful study.

In several numbers of *Revue des Etudes Juives* at the close of 1890, M. Isidore Loeb presents an exhaustive study of the Psalms, in order to show that they were produced by a Jewish fraternity interested in advocating the cause of the righteous poor against the cruelty and oppression of the rich; and that they were all written between the Exile and the time of the Maccabees.

The two series of noteworthy articles, so far this year, in the *Expositor* have been: (1) "A Survey of the Synoptic Question," February–June, by Dr. W. Sanday of Oxford. He reviews the positions held by Drs. Holtzmann, Resch, and P. Ewald with general approval, using language that will surprise his conservative friends. His conclusion is that the original sources of the gospel history were two documents now lost,—the brief tract by Matthew in Hebrew, and the proto-Mark which preserved the teachings of Peter. From these our present Mark was first compiled. Then from the three our Greek Matthew, and afterwards Luke. The author seems too much inclined to push the date of our Gospels back to an earlier time than the facts warrant. (2) "The Aramaic Gospel," by Prof. J. T. Marshall of Manchester, who argues for an original document or documents written in Aramaic as the source of the Synoptics: he also claims that Paul made use of this written record. Prof. Marshall apparently sheds much light upon many texts as they now stand before us, by showing what modifications were introduced by translation from Aramaic to Greek. Both these and Dr. Sanday's article are very suggestive, and they strike very heavy blows against the old theories of infallible text and plenary inspiration.

In the first number of *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* for this year are two very important articles: (1) "A Discussion of the Meaning of 'Kapper,' as used in the Old Testament," by Dr. A. Schmaller of Heilbronn. He shows that the Hebrew idea of "atonement" was radically unlike the Christian dogma of redemption, and therefore it follows that the sacrificial scheme as applied to Jesus by church theologians has no support in the Jewish doctrine of sacrifice,—a position toward which scholars have for some time been tending. (2) An article by Prof. L. Weiss of Göttingen on Mark's Gospel, in which it is argued, from the language of its parables, that our present Mark

is not the original work, but an enlarged and revised edition of the first Gospel bearing this name.

The *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, the organ of the *Moderns* in Holland, is always valuable. In the November number, 1890, Dr. Loman passes favorable judgment upon the theory advanced by Dr. A. Resch,—in his *Agrapha*, Leipzig, 1889,—that the most primitive sources of information respecting Jesus are the quotations in the oldest apostolic literature, including Paul, which were taken from works now lost, that antedate the oldest of our Gospels,—a position which, if sustained, will set the problem of the age of our Gospels in a new light.

The *Expository Times* is devoted to the interests of Orthodoxy, and still it often contains valuable contributions. The most notable for some time are three articles—June–August, 1891—by Canon Cheyne of Oxford, given there as two lectures, on "Possible Zoroastrian Influences on the Religion of Israel." The treatment is popular rather than exhaustive, but interesting. The author looks upon Zoroaster as an historical personage, and believes that the Persian faith did influence Judaism. He treats the same subject in his recently published Bampton Lectures on the Psalms; and it is welcome news that Prof. Darmesteter will devote the next Hibbert Lectures to the Mazdean religion. In the June number Prof. Ryle of Cambridge, in the second of a series of articles on "The Assyrian Chronology and the Days of Creation," asserts the dependence of the Hebrew creation poems upon Assyrian traditions, admits that we must consider "the days" to be ordinary days, and holds that no possible harmony can be brought about between Genesis and geology.

J. H. C.

Madison, Wis.

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## *THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.*

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

*The Arena* (August).

Where must Lasting Progress begin? By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The Tyranny of Nationalism. By Minot J. Savage.

Working Women of To-day. By Helen Campbell.

*The Review of Reviews* (August).

Progress of the World.

The Prince of Wales. By W. T. Stead.

Cromwell and the Independents.

*Scribner's Magazine* (August).

Piccadilly. By Andrew Lang.

Parliamentary Days in Japan. By John H. Wigmore.

*The North American Review.*

The Scientific Basis of Belief. (Aug.) By Robert H. Thurston.

Vampire Literature. (Aug.) By Anthony Comstock.

Goldwin Smith and the Jews. (Sept.) By Isaac B. Bendavid.

Co-operative Womanhood in the State. (Sept.) By Mary A. Livermore.

The Ideal Sunday. (Sept.) By Charles H. Eaton, D.D.

*The Forum* (September).

Ideals of the New American University. By President David S. Jordan.

The Growth of Technological Education in the United States. By Prof. H. W. Tyler.

A Review of the Higher Education for Women. By Alice Freeman Palmer.

*The Andover Review* (August).

Poetry and Philosophy. By Prof. John Dewey.

Slavery as it appeared to a Northern Man in 1844. By A. P. Peabody, D.D.

*Old and New Testament Student* (August).

The Religious Ideas of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. By Prof. Frank C. Porter.

Inorganic Nature in the Poem of Job. By Rev. Albert P. Brigham.

*The Unitarian Review* (August).

Did Jesus claim to be the Messiah? By Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter.

Evolution and the Moral Ideal. By Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Dissent in Russia. By Cornelia W. Cyr.

Public Opinion in France. By L. Gilard.

*The Home-maker* (August).

Sketches in Madison Square. By Charles F. Bridgman.

Nantucketers and their Island. By Nelson Clarke Parshall.

*The New England Magazine* (August).

The State of Vermont. By Albert Clarke.

The Literature of the White Mountains. By William Howe Downes.

*The Atlantic Monthly* (August).

Gen. Sherman. By John C. Ropes.

Six Centuries of Self-government. By W. D. McCrackan.

Browning's Life.

*The Century Magazine* (August).

The German Emperor. By Poultney Bigelow.

On the Study of Tennyson. By Henry Van Dyke.

*Lend a Hand* (August).

The Rejuvenation of the East. By E. P. Thwing.

Leading Principles of Modern Prison Reform. By Charles A. Collin.

## *NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.*

SARATOGA SPRINGS, SEPT. 21 TO 25.

### Programme of Meetings.

#### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Council.

7.45 P.M. Sermon, Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Eng.

#### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

9 A.M. Communion, Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

10 to 10.30 A.M. Conference called to order. Resolutions in memory of Justice Miller, late President of the Conference. Introduction of new President, Hon. George William Curtis. Organization.

10.30 to 10.55 A.M. Report of the Council, by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., Chairman.

10 55 to 11.20 A.M. Report by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary American Unitarian Association.

11.20 to 11.35 A.M. Report of the Women's Alliance, by Mrs. Emily A. Fifield.

11.35 A.M. to 12.20 P.M. Church Extension. Recommendations from the field, fifteen minute addresses by Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., Rev. T. B. Forbush, and ———

12.20 to 12.45 P.M. Discussion and recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

12.45 P.M. Report of Business Committee and reception of foreign delegates.

1.30 P.M. Dinner.

3 P.M. Joint meeting of the Council, the Fellowship Committees, and Secretaries of local conferences.

7.30 P.M. Meeting conducted by Rev. E. A. Horton, "Our Young People," to include various modes of activity, such as guilds, clubs, etc.

#### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, Rev. Mary A. Safford.

10 to 10.45 A.M. Church Extension continued. Recommendations from the field. Addresses, fifteen minutes each, by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, ——— and Rev. George L. Chaney.

10.45 to 11.10 A.M. Report by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., on the Working of the Committees on Fellowship, with resolutions.

11.10 A.M. to 12 M. Recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

12 M. to 12.45 P.M. Marriage and Divorce, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Washington.

12.45 P.M. Business Committee.

1.30 P.M. Dinner.

3 to 5 P.M. Women's Alliance, Annual Meeting.

7.30 P.M. Missionary Mass Meeting, arranged and conducted by Rev. Grindall Reynolds. Speakers to be announced.

#### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

9 A.M. Devotional meeting, Rev. S. H. Camp.

10 to 10.20 A.M. Meadville Theological School. Report of Committee on Endowment, with recommendations.

10.20 to 11 A.M. Report of the Committee on Liturgy, Rev. Howard N. Brown, fifteen minutes. Discussions and recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

11 A.M. Rev. A. M. Knapp, Report on Japan, with recommendations.

11.30 A.M. The Bible in Theology, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago.

12.15 P.M. Business Committee. Election of officers, resolutions.

1.30 P.M. Dinner.

3 to 5 P.M. Business session, if needed, for practical recommendations, resolutions, and general business.

7.30 P.M. The Religious Outlook. Hon. Fred. T. Greenhalge and others. Twenty-five minutes each. Closing address by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

An Assistant Secretary will be put in charge of the bell, which will strike one minute before the close of the time allotted to each speaker; and, unless the Conference disapproves of the rule, each speaker will be rung down at the expiration of his time.

### Railroad Fares.

Arrangements have been made with the Fitchburg and the Boston & Albany Railroads by which round-trip tickets, good going September 18 to 23 and returning on or before September 30, will be sold as follows: —

*Via Fitchburg Railroad.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | $7.00 | Miller's Falls | $5.00 |
| Concord | 6.75 | Worcester | 6 50 |
| Marlboro | 6.75 | Greenfield | 4 50 |
| Ayer Junction | 6 50 | Shelburne Falls | 4.25 |
| Fitchburg | 6.50 | North Adams | 3.00 |
| Gardner | 6.00 | Williamstown | 2.75 |
| Athol | 5.75 | | |

*Via Boston & Albany Railroad.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | $7.00 | West Brookfield | $5.65 |
| South Framingham | 6.75 | Warren | 5 50 |
| Milford | 7.00 | Palmer | 5.00 |
| Worcester | 6 50 | Springfield | 4.50 |
| Spencer | 6.20 | Westfield | 4.50 |
| North Brookfield | 6.15 | Pittsfield | 3.25 |
| East Brookfield | 5.90 | | |

It is understood that for railroads south and west of Saratoga, a return ticket at one-third rates will be furnished.

## *NEWS FROM THE FIELD.*

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *or* ANN ARBOR, MICH., *before the 18th of the month.*]

**Andover, N.H.**—Rev. James F. Morton, who has been appointed principal of Proctor Academy, is a graduate of Acadia College, N.S., and of the Newton Theological Institute, Mass., and has taught three years in Colby Academy, New London, N.H.,—two years as principal. Miss Mary Morton, a daughter, has been appointed assistant teacher. Mr. Morton leaves a position as pastor of the Unitarian society at Wolfboro to enter upon his new duties. He was formerly of the Baptist denomination, and served as pastor of a church at Littleton, Mass., and one at South Boston. He has a family of five children, three of whom will come with the family to Andover. Mrs. Morton is a daughter of S. F. Smith, who wrote our national hymn,—

"My country, 'tis of thee."

The fall term of the school begins September 7. The trustees of the school confidently commend it to those who wish to place their children under home influence and scholarly training.

**Ann Arbor, Mich.**—Services were resumed in the Unitarian church the first Sunday in September. The library of the church has been in use during the vacation. Nearly a hundred dollars' worth of new books are being added. The Ann Arbor and the Toledo Unitarian Sunday-schools united in a picnic at Whitmore Lake in July. There is prospect of a very large attendance at the university the coming year.

**Boston and Vicinity.**—While the vacation season has drawn away from the city nearly all our own ministers, it has attracted hither many visitors from the South and West. On our hottest days Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. John Snyder, Rev. George L. Chaney, have apparently found our Northern air fresh and bracing, though the steep ascent by which one gains an entrance to the A. U. A. rooms, up a sun-scorched flight of red stone steps, has been terribly suggestive of an almost forgotten theology. Might not the headquarters of Unitarianism helpfully illustrate our belief in "salvation in *this* life" by stretching out an awning?

The success of the first six weeks' course of the "School of Applied Ethics," held at Plymouth has been such as to insure an enthusiastic gathering in 1892, when the school will again be held at Plymouth. The interest shown in the department devoted to the study of the "History of Religions" was remarkable. This department was under the direction of Prof. Toy of Harvard University.

**Chicago, Ill.**—The Chicago Branch of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference has arranged for four meetings the coming season, as follows:—

October 1, Third Unitarian Church. Subject of paper, "Early Free Thinkers."

December 3, All Souls' Church. Subject, "New England Liberal Theology, 1750–1815."

February 4, Third Church. Subject, "Channing and his Time, 1815–40."

April 7, All Souls' Church. Subject, "Theodore Parker and his Time, 1840–60."

**Des Moines, Ia.**—Rev. L. A. Harvey of Cincinnati has accepted a call from the Unitarian church of Des Moines.

**Fitchburg, Mass.**—Rev. Walter F. Greenman has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian church here, and will be installed on September 2.

**Helena, Mont.**—Rev. S. M. Crothers writes: "We held our first Unitarian services in Helena last Sunday. I preached morning and evening in the hall used by the legislature, which was well filled. An admirable set of people are working for a church organization, which cannot fail to be successful if they can get a minister."

**Helena Valley, Wis.**—The annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting was held on August 15 and 16, with preaching by ministers in attendance upon the Tower Hill Ministers' Institute.

**Hillside, Wis.**—The second Tower Hill Summer Assembly and Fifth Annual Sunday-school Institute were held here August 2 to 16. The Ministers' Institute held a session from 9 to 10.30 each day, and the Sunday-school Institute a session from 11 to 12.30. At the latter the time was given mainly to discussion of the Sunday-school lessons as proposed for the coming year, the discussions being led by Rev. J. C. Learned of St. Louis and Miss Juniata Stafford of Chicago. In the evenings there were a number of lectures and concerts.

**Hinsdale, Ill.**—Prof. A. W. Gould of Manistee, Mich., has accepted the pastorate of Unity Church of this place.

**Hobart, Ind.**—The Unitarian society here keeps up its old enthusiasm. Mr. Milsted of Chicago has been engaged for another year. He also preaches at Valparaiso to audiences of five or six hundred, mostly students of the Normal School.

**La Porte, Ind.**—Mr. Jennings of Toledo preached here on a recent Sunday to a large congregation. He writes: "The society is in a good condition. It has the finest church building in the town. It needs a good man, and will settle one as soon as possible."

**Lexington, Mass.**—The very desirable opportunity for Unitarians who are parents of having their children during early school life under the religious influence of their own faith is to be made possible here

by the establishment of a home school for girls and children at Mrs. Louise H. Putnam's, Hancock Avenue. Mrs. Putnam commands the confidence of the community, and it is to be hoped will soon have a large school.

**Lone Rock, Wis.**—A Grove Meeting was held in Loomis's Grove on Sunday, August 2, with preaching morning and afternoon by ministers in attendance upon the Tower Hill Sunday-school Institute.

**Los Angeles, Cal.**—Rev. J. S. Thomson, pastor of the Church of the Unity, has been spending his two months' vacation (August and September) in the East, chiefly at Toronto, Can. The Young People's Guild has held its regular Sunday evening meetings during vacation at the home of one of its members. Since the burning of the church edifice in May, the church services have been held in the theatre. A new lot, larger than the old one, has been purchased, and a new building will be erected on it at once.

—Rev. Mr. Phillips, who resigned from the Congregational church several months ago because of his liberal views, has organized an independent liberal church, called the Church of the People. He describes it as "the creedless church."

—The Pacific Unitarian Conference is to be held with the Unitarian church here October 20–23.

**Marietta, Ohio.**—After a pastorate of fourteen years, Rev. James T. Lusk was forced by ill health to resign his charge here last winter. In March Rev. G. Heber Rice of Idaho Springs, Col., came on trial, and was given the charge for a year. Mr. Rice had just left the Episcopal church and been received into fellowship among us. On Sunday, July 26, memorial services were held for Mrs. James T. Lusk, wife of our former minister. The church was filled with flowers, and the service very touching.

**Meadville, Pa.**—Rev. Thomas J. Volentine, recently of Duluth, Minn., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Meadville Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church.

**Minneapolis, Minn.**—A little more than a month ago a series of delightful and most enthusiastic meetings were held here in the First Universalist Church to commemorate the twenty-fifth aniversary of Dr. James H. Tuttle's settlement in this city. There was a large attendance of eminent Universalists from a distance, with sermons and addresses by Dr. Atwood of Canton, N.Y., Dr. Hanson of Chicago, Dr. Deere of California, Dr. Tuttle, Dr. Shutter, the junior pastor of the church, and others. Says the *Universalist:*—

"The close of Dr. Tuttle's quarter-centennial witnesses a degree of progress in Minneapolis that has nowhere else been equalled in the annals of our church. The little one has become a thousand, literally. A handful has increased to a multitude, and one small congregation has become five assemblies of believers, with three church edifices and four clergymen; and the respect and confidence of the entire community has been secured."

**Oakland, Cal.**—The new Unitarian church is nearing completion, and it is hoped that the dedication will occur on September 6, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston giving the opening sermon.

**Olympia, Wash.**—Plans have been drawn and acccepted for the new Unitarian church edifice, which, it is hoped, will be completed by Christmas, 1891.

**Pacific Coast.**—The Pacific Unitarian Conference will meet in Los Angeles October 20 to 23. The general subject at this conference will be the position and responsibility of the Unitarian church in the religious movements of to-day.

—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston will visit he Pacific Coast in September.

**Pittsfield, Mass.**—Mr. Carl G. Horst of the Meadville class of 1890 succeeds Mr. Fenn as pastor of the Unitarian church here.

**Plainfield, N.J.**—The Unitarians here are struggling hard to raise the money necessary to build a church home. A prominent member of the society, recently deceased, has left them a lot, to be theirs when a church shall have been built upon it and paid for; but there is danger of the lot being lost, unless the conditions are complied with promptly. They have raised over $6,000, which seems to be the limit of their ability; but $6,000 more is needed. They feel themselves obliged, therefore, to appeal for aid to friends abroad. Secretary Reynolds of the A. U. A., and Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Suprintendent for the Middle States, indorse their appeal.

**Richmond, Ind.**—Rev. A. G. Jennings spent a Sunday here recently, preaching morning and evening and awakening much interest in Unitarian views.

**Salem, Ore.**—On July 21 the corner-stone of the First Unitarian Church was laid. Rev. H. H. Brown, the minister, began his address on the occasion with these words: "*In love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.* This is the bond of our union, and the house to rise on this corner-stone now laid with sacred ritual shall stand for this. God and man, truth and love, include all there is."

**San Bernardino, Cal.**—Since the resignation of Rev. E. R. Watson, last February, the Church of the Unity has had the services of Rev. Eli Fay, D.D. Dr. Fay is so well

known in the State that Davis Hall was immediately filled to overflowing, and the congregation was compelled to remove to the Opera House. The Unitarian society is now thought to be the most influential in the town.

**San Francisco, Cal.**—The valuable Post-office Mission work of the First Church goes on all the year round, taking no summer vacation.

—Hon. Horace Davis has returned from his trip abroad, and resumed his Bible class. He is beginning "A Study of the Sects," using Rev. W. H. Lyon's manual.

—The Sunday-school of the new Unity Mission is getting well established. Rev. Mr. Van Ness preaches at the mission every Sunday evening.

—The Unitarian Sunday-schools around the Bay have arranged to do uniform work, and a series of lessons based on Rev. H. N. Brown's "Life of Jesus" has been prepared.

—The Unitarian Club of California is just entering upon its second year. It has upon its roll of membership 135 names.

**Seattle, Wash.**—Mr. William G. Eliot of the Harvard Divinity School has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian church to serve as pastor for the coming year.

**Toledo, Ohio.**—Rev. A. G. Jennings has spent a part of his summer vacation in making a missionary tour through Northern Indiana.

**Warren, Vt.**—Mr. H. L. Buzzell of the Meadville Theological School has spent two summer vacations preaching here and at Whitefield, right in the heart of the Green Mountains. The places are six miles apart. At each there is a little company of liberals. At Warren the ladies are very active, and have raised money enough to pay for the summer's preaching. At Whitefield there is a fairly good brick church, a legacy from the Universalists. At Warren services are held in the town hall. There is a strong liberal sentiment in this whole region, and it is believed that the right man could get a reasonably good support here.

**Weirs, N.H.**—The Grove Meeting ending August 3 was one of the most interesting and well conducted ever held here. The subjects treated were all of living interest, and the speakers in every case men of ability. Rev. Dr. Rexford opened the meetings with an impressive sermon on "The Witness of the Spirit"; and this high key-note, so worthily set, was maintained clearly and with power to the end of the session.

**Whatcom, Wash.**—Rev. S. F. McCleary, a student at the Harvard Divinity School, has been spending three months preaching in Whatcom.

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"No power can die that ever wrought for truth."

## *JOTTINGS.*

Religion consists in the constant and joyful recognition of our union with God. We *are* united to him, whether we recognize it or not, by the very fact of our existence. But, when we realize in our own consciousness the actuality of the Infinite Life out of which we have come, we realize at the same time the littleness of finite things, and we give ourselves up to be possessed and suffused by the infinite life of God.—*Prof. A. W. Momerie.*

Before your boys are old enough to brave the horrors of the first "smoke," promise them some reward if they will not touch tobacco before they are twenty-five. If they have the right sort of stuff in them, they will be proud to own to the dignity of a vow. A boy who can give up a present indulgence for a future good is a boy of promise.

EACH LITTLE DAY.

Each little day flies from the bow
Of Archer Time, or high or low
It falls somewhere to work its fate,
Perchance of love, perchance of hate,
Impartial quite to friend or foe.

So small a space to find and know
The mysteries that come and go;
Yet on it marches, soon nor late,
Each little day.

Come back, quick light, to us below!
Shine out again more sweet and slow!
For answer, through the world's great gate
It speedier flies; and we must wait
For what may come, for what may go,
Each little day.

—*Marion A. T. Farley.*

"Call ye life lonely? Oh, the myriad sounds
Which haunt it, proving how its outer bounds
Join with eternity, where God abounds!"

A perfectly healthy nature speaks out frankly, clearly, and fully whatever is deepest in it: any form of concealment becomes repugnant to it.

A Connecticut pastor on a recent Sunday, after telling God in his long prayer the grim story of the theological defections that signalize our time, finally found what seemed to him a place of rest in the feeling that took exactly this form of expression, "But, O Lord, we thank thee that thou art orthodox."—*Congregationalist.*

Civility is a growth, not an outside garment. Teach your child to respect the individuality of every human being,—yes, and of every animal. The Golden Rule works well, and is safe to follow.

A manufacturer of ancient Egyptian mummies has been severely sentenced by the courts of Alexandria. He made his articles

with carefully prepared asses' skins, and had a good trade. Everything went well so long as he made kings only; but, when he tried the production of high priests, he committed archæological errors that led to his detection.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make good use of common situations.—*Goethe.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more,—a blessed spirit; for it is the spirit of God himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love; for love is heaven, love is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A SUNNY SPOT.

The clouds may rest on the present,
And sorrows on days that are gone;
But no night is so utterly cheerless
That we may not look for the dawn.
And there is no human being
With so wholly dark a lot
But the heart, by turning the picture,
May find a sunny spot.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

DARE AND KNOW.

The truths we cannot win are fruit forbidden:
That knowledge only is, by proof, not ours
Which lies beyond the measure of our powers.
Not by God's grudging are our natures chidden:
His hidden things for daring search are hidden.
The cloudy darkness that around him lowers
Burns only with his glory, and the dowers
Of hero-hearts who have gone up and ridden
The storm, like eagles! If the lightning singe
The intrepid wing, 'tis but the burning kiss
Of victory in espousal,—the keen bliss
Whose rapturous thrill might make the coward cringe!
He who aloft on rood-nails hung our crown
Smiles when with bleeding hands we climb and pluck it down!

—*George S. Burleigh.*

A FUNNY STORY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It happened in the spring of 1883. The four of us had gone to Europe together,—Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks, and Mr. Robinson, the builder of Boston's Trinity Church. Robinson stands six feet two inches in his stockings, Dr. McVickar measures six feet and four inches, and Brooks exceeds six feet in height. Robinson is sensitive about his length, and suggested that, in order to avoid comment, the three tall men avoid being seen together.

Arriving in England, they went direct to Leeds, where they learned that a lecturer would address the working classes on "America and Americans." Anxious to hear what Englishmen thought of the great republic, they went to the hall. They entered separately, and took seats apart. The lecturer, after some uninteresting remarks, said that Americans were, as a rule, short, and seldom, if ever, rose to the height of five feet ten inches. He did not know to what cause he could attribute this fact, but he *wished he could present examples* to the audience.

Phillips Brooks rose to his feet, and said, "I am an American, and, as you see, about six feet in height, and sincerely hope that, if there be any other representative of my country present, he will rise."

After a moment's interval Mr. Robinson rose, and said: "I am from America, in which country my height—six feet two—is the subject of no remark. If there be any other American here, I hope that he will rise."

The house was in a jolly humor. Waiting until the excitement could abate in some degree, and the lecturer regain control of his shattered nerves, Dr. McVickar slowly drew his majestic form to its full height, and exclaimed, "I am an"— But he got no further. The audience roared, and the lecturer said no more on that subject.

The greatest hour in a man's life is not that in which the world recognizes what he has done, but the hour in which, in his tremendous struggle with obstacles and circumstances, his power prevails against all that stands in his way.

The Unitarian Theological School (Manchester New College) at Oxford, Eng., has finished its first year successfully. At the recent Commencement Rev. Stopford A. Brooke of London made an eloquent address, which is printed in full in the English papers. The last time he preached in Oxford prior to this he occupied the famous pulpit of St. Mary's Church, where Newman used to preach. It is interesting to learn that the house at Littlemore, near Oxford, occupied by Newman at the time of his conversion to Rome, is now occupied by one of our Unitarian professors.

Says the Chicago *Graphic:* "Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt has just returned to this country from an eight years' tour around the world as a Woman's Christian Temperance Union missionary. The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union gave her $1,000 to start with; but she returned it, and made the trip entirely on faith, receiving enough from collections and other donations to meet all her expenses."

"After a great truth is once set a-going, it is in the charge of mankind, through whom it first came from God."

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*Editor*, JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN, *Cambridge, Mass.*

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW aims, first of all, to give faithful expression to the more deliberate thought of the body whose name it bears, especially of that thought which flows in the lines of its religious activity and life. But it knows no limit of sects or creed in the sources from which it draws or the ends for which it works. Criticism, speculation, or dogma, however dear to many, it holds subordinate to what concerns the immediate welfare of men.

In the field of Theology, this Review will welcome without distrust, and record without prejudice, whatever results appear to be fairly made out by critical investigation. It is pledged to no body of opinion, but only to a method which promises to bring about in the future a better harmony than now exists between religious thought and the intellectual life. It holds that Religion lies very near the actual lives of men; and that Theology, having to do with all the higher ranges of thought, has before it a definite constructive task, in the interpretation of those spiritual laws in which the welfare of man and communities is closely bound up.

Questions of the Day, especially those which touch upon matters of Political or Social Ethics, will continue to receive a large share of its attention; and regarding these the widest freedom of discussion will be encouraged. Great enterprises of Christian Charity or Social Reform, such as those so conspicuous at this moment in London and elsewhere, will (so far as possible) be reported by communications from observers, critics, or workers upon the spot.

The Editor has established, through personal communication, in the interest of this Review, lines of Correspondence with eminent leaders of opinion — theologians, religious teachers or workers, and men of letters — in England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Hungary, as well as in America, which he trusts will serve to make it a true representative of that broad movement of Liberal Religion, which is so marked a feature of our own time. It is his hope that every number may include contributions from one or more of the sources here indicated.

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